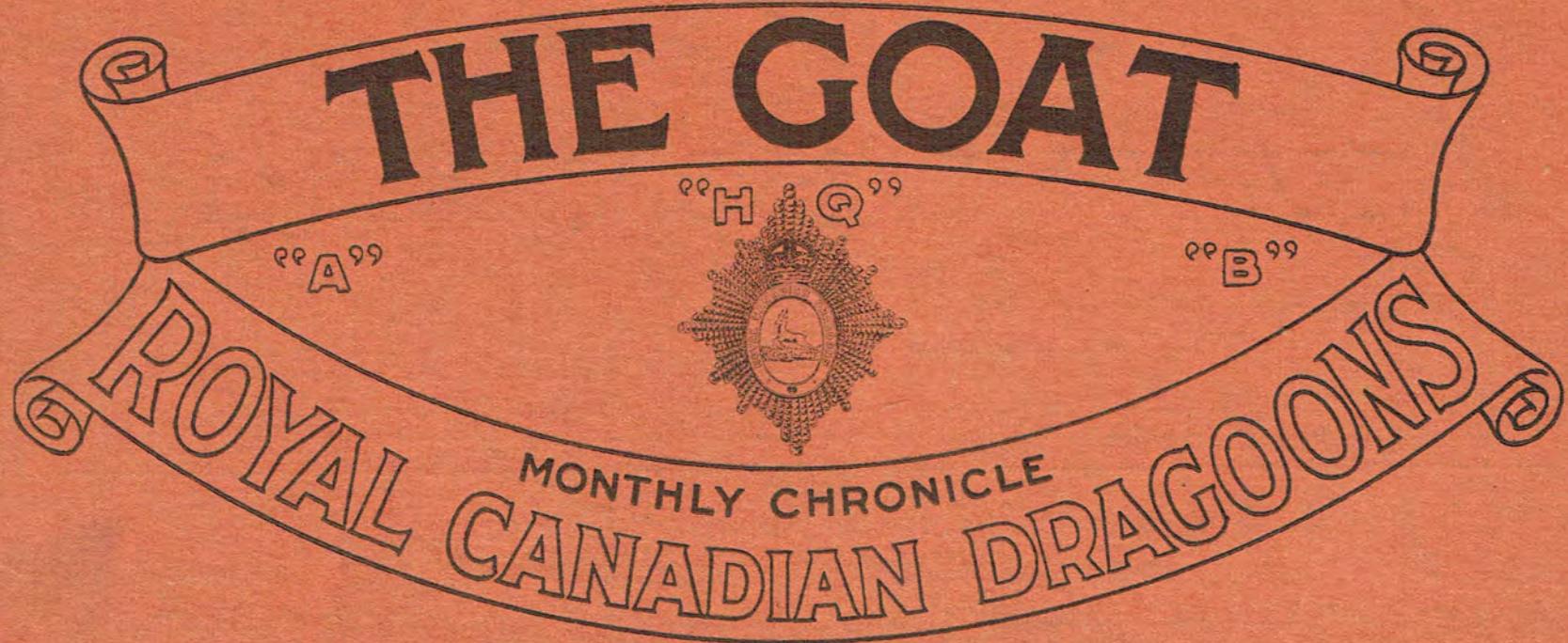


THE GOAT



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

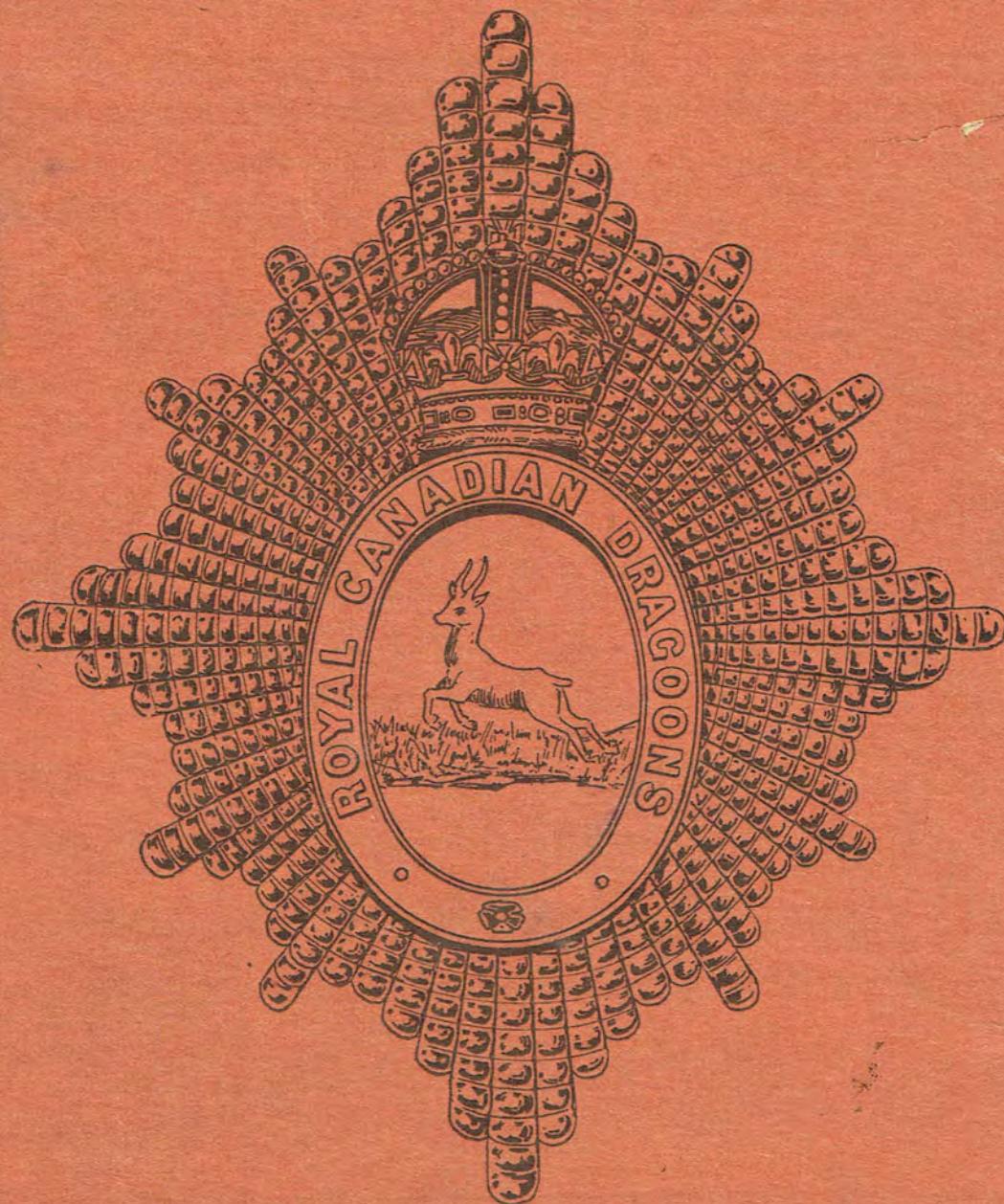
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The Hotchkiss Gun School

LE TOUQUET—ITS AIMS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS

(By Major Nordheimer, M.C.)

When the Hotchkiss Automatic Rifle, as it was then called, was first issued to cavalry in 1916, a G.H.Q. school was organized at St. Omer, to which representatives from every cavalry unit were sent to obtain instruction in the method of handling and firing the weapon. One officer per brigade was sent in addition to the N.C.O. representatives from each unit. The course lasted five days, in which time it was considered all the intricacies of the rifle could be mastered, and those attending became qualified to go forth into the wilderness and spread the gospel of pistons, fermature nuts, gas cylinders, etc., to the heathens from which they came.

The Hotchkiss rifles were received by the units about the same time that their representatives returned from Mecca, and immediately became the object of suspicion, mingled with derision. The few lectures given by the "qualified disciples" of "Mecca"ism left the audience as bewildered as if they had received their full issue of rum, and when it came to a demonstration of stripping and assembling, the laugh was usually on the demonstrator.

One gun was issued to each troop, and the crew of three selected from those men whom the troop leader considered useless for anything else. With the rifle crew knowing nothing about the weapon and the troop leader caring less, it was no wonder that it soon fell into disrepute, and numerous complaints were made about its ineffectiveness. The Higher Command, knowing the real value of the weapon very soon realized that it was the handling of it that caused the effective firing, and set about organizing Divisional and Brigade schools to turn out more instructors. The results soon became apparent, and more interest was taken in this new form of cavalry equipment.

The great drawback to this new scheme, was the lack of uniformity in the method of instruction throughout the various schools, and the fact that very little was attempted in the way of teaching the tactical handling of the weapon. With a view to standardising the sequence of instruction and divis-

ing simple tactical situations wherein the characteristics of the Hotchkiss automatic rifle could be used to the best advantage, a Hotchkiss branch was added to the G.H.Q. Lewis gun school at Le Touquet in 1917.

The school itself was situated on the Le Touquet golf links, not far from the Duchess of Westminster's hospital. It was divided into two branches, the Lewis gun and the Hotchkiss gun. The Commandant was Lt.-Col. Reid, Rifle Brigade, and the chief instructor, Hotchkiss branch, was Captain McLachlan. There were three assistant Hotchkiss instructors, Capt. "Titch" Green, North Somerset Yeomanry, Lieut. Stenyforth, 17th Lancers, and myself. The terrain was excellent for both practical and theoretical instruction, high sand dunes and pine woods forming the chief features of the country.

A range, with firing points up to 1000 yards, was close at hand, and within the school enclosure trenches and redoubts had been laid out. The buildings themselves were frame, but very comfortably furnished, with two large messes, one for the headquarter staff and one for the students and assistant instructors. In November, when I first reported, the Hotchkiss instructors were under canvas, but with the usual G.H.Q. lavishness a hut was soon erected and each one of us had a room to himself. With Paris Plage and Etaples only a mile away there was lots of scope for recreation, and the beautiful sandy beach at Paris Plage made a wonderful place to ride. After some hesitation, Cavalry Corps sanctioned our having our horses with us, which added to our pleasures.

The first course commenced on November 19th, with 24 officers, two from each brigade and some from the Corps Cavalry, together with a similar proportion of N.C.O.'s. The course was divided into two portions, the mechanical and the tactical. In the morning, the first hour was devoted to gun drill, duties of each member of the crew, etc. After a break of ten minutes the next period of three-quarters of an hour, was allotted to mechanism, description of various parts of the rifle, stripping and assembling and care and cleaning. At 11.15 a lecture was given by one of the instructors, lasting till twelve-thirty. The subjects covered by the lectures were five in number, viz., "Characteristics of the Hotchkiss Automatic Rifle," "The Duties and Training of Detachments," "The Tactical Handling of the Hotchkiss," "Indication and Recognition of Targets,"

"The Hotchkiss Automatic Rifle for Anti-Aircraft Work."

The afternoons were devoted to tactical exercises, in which the various uses of the Hotchkiss were brought out. The classes were divided into syndicates under an instructor, and different situations were given them for solution, each one dealing with the method of using the Hotchkiss rifle. Great stress was laid on the fact that it was never advisable to use the Hotchkiss where rifle fire would attain the same result and in inverse ration, to save men by using the Hotchkiss where a volume of fire had to be developed. By this method two dozen officers and a similar number of N.C.O.'s became reasonably familiar with the mechanical working of the Hotchkiss, the method of training crews, the duties of the various numbers, and had a good idea of how to employ their weapon under varied conditions. The sequence of instruction was the same throughout all the syndicates, and the greatest importance was attached to impressing the value of this on the students. Each course lasted thirteen days, and after a break of four days another lot arrived, and the same thing was carried out. A new anti-aircraft sight was invented by Captain McLaughlin, the chief instructor, and was passed by the War Office for use on Hotchkiss automatic rifles.

In March, 1918, all officer instructors were sent to the various cavalry divisions to instruct in the use of this anti-aircraft sight, but before the sights themselves were issued to the troops the March offensive started, and the matter was held in abeyance. I understand that an improved sight is now being experimented with at the Small Arms School at Hythe, and will be issued for Lewis and Hotchkiss guns in the near future. The value of the Hotchkiss

school, under G.H.Q. supervision, may be roughly summed up as follows: During the six courses held, 144 officers and a similar number of N.C.O.'s were turned out, qualified instructors in the mechanical as well as the tactical end of Hotchkiss. On their return to their units they very soon standardised the method of instruction, aroused interest in the weapon and improved the efficiency of the crews. During the trying period of the March German offensive, the value of the Hotchkiss was incalculable. Few complaints were received about mechanical troubles because the crews knew their work and any little defect was quickly remedied. Outside of this, the bringing together of representatives of every unit in the Cavalry Corps, for a period of two weeks, was in itself a splendid thing, and discussions took place on practically every subject connected with cavalry, from which each one derived the greatest benefit.

From being considered a weapon without use and "a white elephant," the Hotchkiss became respected and valued, and in the hands of trained personnel, soon justified the confidence placed in it by those responsible for its issue.

In concluding this article, I must refer to my reasons for calling the Hotchkiss "an automatic rifle," instead of the Hotchkiss "machine gun," as described on the handbook. Those who have used the Hotchkiss must agree that it is far short of a machine gun, both as regards accuracy and sustained fire. The fact of calling it a machine gun is misleading, and tends to convey the impression that it can take the place of the Vickers. This is entirely erroneous and misleading. The Hotchkiss, as at present constituted, can no more replace a machine gun than could a Lewis, and it is, and always will remain, so long as the present tri-

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pod and cooling system is used, an automatic rifle. This fact was impressed on all who attended the Hotchkiss school and is essential if the proper value of the weapon is to be brought out.

Personal & Regimental

Stanley Barracks

Captain A. H. C. Campbell, R.C.R., Halifax, lunched at the officers' mess, Stanley Barracks, on the 12th inst.

Lieut. Gus. Chadwick, R.C.D., has returned from the C.S.A.S. course at Ottawa.

The annual inspection of the units at Stanley Barracks will take place on October 27th.

R.S.M. G. Churchward has returned from furlough.

Lieut.-Colonel Walker Bell, D.S.O., and Major Stethem, attended the opening meeting of the Toronto Hunt Club at Aurora on the 10th of October.

We have received several requests for further cross-word puzzles, and will endeavour to meet the wishes of our correspondents in the near future.

ST. JOHNS NOTES

Mrs. D. B. Bowie returned from Montreal on October 8th.

Lt.-Col. McMillan, who has been spending a few weeks at the Cavalry Barracks, has returned to Ottawa.

Mr. Laurie Hammond entertained a number of his friends recently on the occasion of his birthday.

Captain "Billy" Home, M.C., R.C.R., returned from leave on October 6th.

S.S.M. Smith took a few days well-earned rest after completing the musketry at Point-aux-Trembles.

Q.M.S.I. Dowdell, Q.M.S.I. Brown, and Sgt. Instr. Hopkinson, R.C.D. (I.C.), who have been attending the Small Arms School at Ottawa, has returned to Barracks. Q.M.S.I. Doyle is on two weeks' furlough.

The following officers are attending the Royal School of Cav-

alry at the Cavalry Barracks: Lt. P. L. Heureux, Le Regt. de Montmagny; P/Lt. P. Millette, Le Regt. de Maisonneuve; P/Lt. J. P. de S. Leterriere, 11th Hussars, and Lt. A. Leclerc, Le Regt. de Levis.

The following W.O.'s and N.C.O.'s are attending the Royal School of Cavalry: S.M.W.E. Bailey, 4th C.C.S.; Sgt. A. J. Coleman, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Stanley Barracks

Notes.

Prov. Lieut. Cameron, Governor General's Body Guard, is attending the lieutenants' course at the Royal School of Cavalry.

Lieut. Giff, York Rangers, is taking an equitation course at the school.

Major H. Stethem represented the regiment at the annual dinner of the Canadian Cavalry Association on October 6th.

Lt. Col. Walker Bell, D.S.O., attended the annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association, which was held at Toronto on 6th of October.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O. inspected the work on the new Welland Canal on October 8th and expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied with it.

Major General McDougall (retired) visited Stanley Barracks on October 8th.

Major C. W. Dewey, L.S.H. (R.C.) who has been attending the annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association, resided at Stanley Barracks for a few days.

Pte. Dutton, R.C.R., is transferring back to "B" Squadron, R.C.D.

The smallest and youngest addition to the regiment enlisted at Toronto on September 28th, in the person of No. 1426, Boy George Powell, who first entered this dreary world fourteen years ago at Barnsley, Yorkshire, and now stands four feet ten and one-half inches.

He can be proud of a chest measurement of 28/30 inches. Although at the time of writing he has only had ten days service, he has been heard to sound "Lights Out" and a few other calls, and may be seen daily

mounted on "Billy," No. "B" 27. Sgt. Staig, with his usual ability and workmanship, has made him one of the smartest kits seen in many a day.

Sgt. Sawyer, 1st Hussars, Sgt. G. Dundas and Sgt. J. King, 3rd P.W.C.D., Troopers Wright and McColl, P.L.D.G., are taking the N.C.O.'s course at the Royal School of Cavalry.

Sgt. "Bubbles" Manning, one of our sheiks, on the 19th of October, will join the great majority for better or for worse, and take unto himself a wife.

Sgt. Major Farrier Harraden, who enlisted in the regiment on January 29th, 1895, and who served with "A" Squadron at St. Johns, P.Q., from 1907 until the outbreak of the war, passed away after a short illness at his home in Toronto on September 2nd, R. Q.M.S. McLean represented the regiment at the funeral.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., entertained at tea in the officers' mess for his twin brother, Major Timmis, R.O., on October 10th.

The Commanding Officer was unfortunate enough to suffer a severe sprain of his ankle on the day before leaving Niagara. With his usual fortitude and the aid of a pair of crutches, he managed to keep "on deck" and carry on with his duties.

"B" Squadron is still sending parties to the Long Branch Rifle Ranges daily, to complete the Hotchkiss gun portion of the Musketry training.

Frank W. Timmis, Major R.O., late R.A., is staying with his twin brother in Canada for a month, and meeting many of his old friends that he first met at Maresfield early in 1915 and in France during the years of the war.

Colonel and Mrs. Walker Bell very kindly entertained the Timmy Twins at the Clifton Hotel at Niagara Falls, Ont., to dinner, and afterwards at the electrical illumination of the Falls.

Major Frank Timmis is civil engineering at the British-owned copper mines at Rio Tinto, Spain. He is enjoying military life again and more riding than he generally gets in Spain. His opinion of Spanish horsemanship is hardly printable.

Several good jokes have been played upon the civilian popula-

tion of Niagara on-the-Lake by substituting one twin for his other half. Major Reginald Timmis is twelve minutes junior to his brother, but at times there hardly looks that difference in age or likeness.

The Musical Ride and Military Sports staged by "B" Squadron in connection with the autumn fair at Niagara-on-the-Lake were a great success, as the following extracts from the "Niagara Ad-dance" of September 24th will testify.

Ex-Trooper G. H. Linstead, who served with "A" Squadron from 1914, visited Stanley Barracks recently. He is now residing at 203 Winnet Ave., Fairbank, Toronto.

It is the earnest desire of the Toronto staff of "The Goat" to make their regimental journal a success. It is therefore requested that members of the regiment stationed at Toronto contribute as much interesting news as possible and hand same to Staff-Sergeant T. Doran, R.C.D. No contribution for publication in "The Goat" is too small or too large, and same would be very much appreciated.

On the night of October 4th our lost friend in the person of Tpr. MacAleer arrived in barracks with Corporal Blake on a visit from Sydney, N.S. During his stay in Sydney he made several friends and brought them with him to Stanley Barracks. He introduced his friends to the M.O. and Sgt. McGurney, R.C.A.M.C., the latter giving Tpr. MacAleer's friends a very pleasant time during their very short stay in barracks. Tpr. MacAleer will be the guest of Sgt. Jackson, R.C.D., for the next 28 days. It is hoped that our guest will remain with us until the expiration of his period of service.

Bytown Bits.

School Closes.—The summer session of the Canadian Small Arms School finished on the 3rd inst. at Connaught Ranges. A large number of officers and N.C.O.'s, both from the Permanent and Non-Permanent forces have passed through the school during the summer, and Colonel W. K. Walker, the Commandant, is well pleased with the work done. The first part of the summer was rather difficult owing to so many of the Permanent Force instructors being away at the seaside, but with the close of the trouble at Cape Breton

the full staff were available. Too much credit cannot be given to the officers and N.C.O.'s of the Non-Permanent Staff who acted as instructors during the time the Permanent Force were employed elsewhere.

Bit Mixed.—A well-known newspaper man who was told off to report one of the numerous fall military weddings, in place of the society reporter, made a protracted visit over the river after the knot was tied, and turned in his copy somewhat after this manner:

A very successful wedding was pulled off yesterday afternoon when Miss —, daughter of — the well-known poker player, was united in marriage to — of the crack Ottawa Regiment, the —. The bride was in great form and weighed in at 117 pounds ring-side. She wore an overture of ear-rockmacross trimmed with mayonnaise dressing and carried a bunch of spinach. The groom wore a worried look and carried a fair-sized jag. The ceremony was performed by the chaplain of the jail, and only a few newspaper men and prison officials were present. The condemned man slept soundly and after a hearty breakfast of two brandies and soda was able to mount the scaffold unaided. The drop fell at 3.30 p.m. There will be no inquest. As a precautionary measure Fire Chief Burnett turned in a second alarm and the fire was soon put under control. During the signing of the register Miss — sang "Now the labourer's task is o'er," and as an encore, "Another cupful, Willie." After the supper, at which everyone got sozzled, the couple left by motor for Detour and other points. Among the gifts received was a silver-mounted bottle of —, from the Hull Bartenders' Union.

Geoff. Birkett Gone Too. — A very pretty wedding took place in the chapel of the University of Ottawa on September 24th, when Captain Geoffrey Birkett was united in marriage to Miss Adele Pope, daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Pope. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Cornell, of St. Joseph's Church. Captain Birkett was formerly with the R.C.D., having joined from R.M.C. during the war. He is at present on the strength of the 2nd Reserve Regiment, P.L.D.G., with the rank of captain.

Join Permanent Force.—Two officers of the Hull Regiment who have recently completed the Long Course have been appointed to commissions in Permanent Force units. They are Lieut. R. Girard,

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who joins the R.C.H.A., and Lieut. J. P. R. Roy, who is posted to the Royal 22nd Regiment. Both these officers have been with the Hull Regiment for the last three years, and their appointments are favourably looked upon in Ottawa.

Might Be So.—It is claimed among the members of the Typographers' Union that the craftsmen in Ontario are better workmen than the ones in Quebec. Judging by some of the juggling of lines that have been very much in evidence in recent numbers of "The Goat," this would appear to be the case. After trying to read some of the items in this column the last two months, I have tried to do crossword puzzles as a bit of relaxation.

Presented With Plate—At a recent meeting of the officers of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, the O.C., Lieut.-Col. W. A. Blue was presented with a sterling silver salad bowl, the gift of the officers and ex-officers of the regiment. On his arrival home after the presentation, and at a reasonable hour too, he was confronted with a handsome rolling pin, covered with blue and white ribbons, the regimental colours, which had been sent from the same source to his wife. A card giving full instructions as to the use this weapon was to be put accompanied the gift. As the Blues are no relatives of the Jiggs, no trouble is expected, but it was a dangerous action just the same.

Cavalry Association—At the annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association, held in Toronto on the 6th instant, Colonel Price Montague, D.S.O., of Winnipeg, was elected president, in place of Col. W. W. Denison, D.S.O. The secretary and the treasurer, Major F. B. Inkster, and Lieut.-Col. R. M. Courtney, were re-elected.

The Big Cheese—Recent newspaper yarns from Europe tell us that the natives of Camembert, France, are erecting a statue to the famous cheese that bears the name of the town. Donnie Grant used to brag to the lads in France that the town of Perth was celebrated for two things, and the Big Cheese was one of them.

Garrison Dinner.—The annual dinner of the officers of the Ottawa Garrison will be held about the middle of the month of November in one of the numerous clubs on the Quebec side of the river.

Machine Gunners School.—A provisional school of instruction for the members of the Machine Gun Company will start the middle of the month. The school will be conducted by Captain Worthington, P.P.C.L.I.

Held Church Parade.—The annual fall church parade of the 38th Ottawa Regiment was held on Sunday, the 4th instant. The regiment paraded under Lieut.-Col. W. S. Wood, D.S.O., V.D., and marched to the Fourth Avenue United Church, where the service was conducted by the regimental chaplain, Major the Rev. J. H. Horsey. The Roman Catholic party attended the Blessed Sacrament Church, where Major the Rev. Father Gorman, D.S.O., conducted the service.

At Stanley Barracks.—Troopers McColl and Wilson, P.L.D.G., are at Stanley Barracks, attending the N.C.O.'s course.

Hull Helleries.—A perfectly appointed reception was held in Henry's charming salon recently in honour of Lady Ima Bytche who is touring the country. Lady Bytche is noted for the numerous sons she had in the late war.

The Lost Raincoat.
Or, Correspondence in the Army
(Continued from last month)

6th Cavalry Division,
Sunshine Camp, O.K.
Dec. 12th, 1925

9th Cavalry Brigade,
Bullocks Corners, N.G.

Loss of Kit, Lt. & Bt. Lt.-Col.
O. U. Stickinthemud

With further reference to the above noted subject, attached herewith reply from J.A.G., 3rd Cavalry Corps, to whom the matter was referred. Kindly have the Officer Commanding, 13th Iberville Lancers, forward the necessary information both with regard to the state of the weather on the day in question, and as to whether he intended to refer to P. & A. Reg. 1916, Sec. 41, Art. 98, as amended by G.O. 56, 1918, in his original correspondence.

I. Blockem,
Major,
D.A.A. & Q.M.G., 6th Cav. Div.

9th Cavalry Brigade
Bullocks Corners, N.G.

Officer Commanding,
13th Iberville Barracks,
Tumbledown Barracks.

Loss of Kit, Lt. & Bt. Lt.-Col.
O. U. Stickinthemud

Reference above noted subject and copy of attached correspondence. Kindly furnish the necessary information to this office with as little delay as possible.

N. O. Good.

Capt. and Bt.-Col.
Staff Captain, 9th Cav. Bde.

Tumbledown Barracks,
Dec. 18th, 1925.

9th Cavalry Brigade,
Bullocks Corners, N.G.

Loss of Kit, Lt. & Bt. Lt.-Col.
O. U. Stickinthemud

Receipt is acknowledged of your I. 13-4-5-7, dated December 15th. With regard to the weather on the day in question, I am unable to recall whether it was raining or looked like rain, as the loss occurred during my absence on duty as Inspector of Equitation with the Garrison Gunners at Drowsy Camp. It is not too much to infer, however, that my adjutant would not have permitted an officer of the unit under my command to carry any article of kit or equipment not in uniformity with Standing Orders. It has not been the practice in this or any other unit with which I have had the honour to serve during my thirty-five years in the Army, to permit officers or other ranks to choose what they are to wear on parade, and the fact that an officer of this regiment wore or carried a raincoat on a regimental duty would in itself be proof to anyone familiar with ordinary regimental customs among cavalry of the line, that the article was worn with authority.

With reference to P. & A. Reg. 1916, Sec. 41, Art. 98, quoted in my original correspondence, I was not aware of the amendment contained in G.O. 56, 1918, but in the light of recent events I consider the amendment a very necessary one, and it is, or was, my intention to refer to whichever regulations covered the case.

As Lt. & Bt. Lt.-Col. O. U. Stickinthemud is proceeding on leave for Christmas, may the matter be treated as urgent, please.

A. Grouse,
Lt.-Col.,
Commanding 13th Iberville Lancers.

9th Cavalry Brigade
Bullocks Corners, N.G.
Dec. 21st, 1925.

6th Cavalry Division,
Sunshine Camp, O.K.

Loss of Kit, Lt. & Bt. Lt.-Col.
O. U. Stickinthemud

With reference to your T. 6-9-2
dated 12th inst. Attached here-
with reply of Officer Commanding
13th Iberville Lancers for ac-
tion please. May the matter be
treated as urgent.

N. O. Good,
Captain and Bt.-Col.
Staff Captain, 9th Cav. Bde.

6th Cavalry Division,
Sunshine Camp, O.K.
Dec. 22nd, 1925

9th Cavalry Brigade,
Bullocks Corners, N.G.

Loss of Kit, Lt. & Bt. Lt.-Col.
O. U. Stickinthemud

With furthe reference to above
noted subject, kindly have the offi-
cer in question forward a valua-
tion of the raincoat as at the time
of loss. On receipt of the desired
information, the matter will re-
ceive consideration.

I. Blockem,
Major,
D.A.A. & Q.M.G., 6th Cav. Div.

Telegram from Miss Dorothy
Blockem to Major I. Blockem, collect.

Pumpkinville, Dec. 23rd, 11 a.m.

Orville wired today saying can-
not come for Christmas as he has
no raincoat, and Government will
not pay him for his lost one.
Thought you were the person he
should go to and wired him to see
you. Please arrange it for him,
as I want him to look after
"Tweenie" while I am skating.
What use is a father on the staff
if he can't arrange things for me.

Dot.

6th Cavalry Division,
Sunshine Camp, O.K.

Urgent

9th Cavalry Brigade,
Bullocks Corners, N.G.
Dec. 23rd, 1925

Loss of Kit, Lt. & Bt. Lt.-Col.
O. U. Stickinthemud

Please have attached cheque
handed to the above noted officer
with as little delay as possible and
obtain receipt in triplicate. It has

now been decided that the informa-
tion asked for in my T. 6-8-4 of
the 22nd inst will not be required.

I. Blockem,
Major,
D.A.A. & Q.M.G., 6th Cavalry Div.

Telegram from Lt. O. U. Stick-
inthemud to Miss Dorothy Blockem.

Tumbledown Barracks,
Dec 24th, 1925

Scheme worked like a charm. Re-
ceived cheque this morning for ten
pounds. Coat lost was one you
lent me belonging to your dad.
Arriving four-fifteen train. Love.
Orville.

ESPRIT DE CORPS

The above is a quality supposed
to exist in all units of the Empire
services. I say "supposed" de-
liberately, because the spirit of
brotherhood is as shaky as the
rest of the ideals of today.

As it looks to me, irrespective
of whether it is in the service or
private life, it all seems to tend
towards the ideal that was ex-
pressed by some of the Riffs dur-
ing the Cape Breton unrest. Their
idea was: "To the deuce with you,
Jack, I'm alright."

This slogan, if such it can be
called, will never get us anywhere.
It is leading straight and most
surely to the complete overthrow
of all that our service, etc., stands
for.

It is not necessary that we
shield the other fellow from all re-
sults of his foolhardiness, and it
is not called for that we should
carry the blame for his misconduct.
But it is vitally necessary
that we leave the reputation of
our comrades alone unless we have
definite proof of what we are say-
ing, we should say nothing at all.
These insidious statements may
mean nothing, but when repeated
often enough, like political mud,
they begin to stick, then down
goes the good name of one or more
men we are supposed to regard as
comrades.

It is a safe bet that no fair-
minded man would say anything
likely to injure a comrade, nor
would he heed such hash. Then
let us all be fair-minded one to
another and suppress all "schools
of scandal" that exists among us.
That they exist there can be no
possible doubt, first it's one or two,
then they tell the chosen few of
their friends, after that—goes a
hard-won reputation.

Our motto has been and should
still be, "All for one, and one for
all." That is the true inner mean-
ing of "Esprit de Corps."

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Signalling in Connection with Balloons.

(By R.S.M. Churchward)

In 1916 the Signal Service did away with the BB signalling lamps and the use of daylight lamps became general. The range of the various daylight lamps greatly increased and greater secrecy combined with speed resulted.

During the winter of 1916, a course known as Balloon Signalling, was held at Creecy, for the purpose of testing these lamps and to establish another means of transmitting information. The number attending the course was limited to a few officers and 40 N.C.O.'s from the various cavalry regiments. Lieut. Fache, the regimental signalling officer, Corp. Farrell, L.S.H., and myself were the Canadian Cavalry Brigade representatives.

The O.C. Cavalry Divisional Signals at that time was well known to many of us, Colonel Saddler Jackson. The first parade was an introduction, and the words of the colonel, although not taken very seriously at the time, ever echoed: "This course will be most interesting and novel." The 19th Balloon Detachment were working in connection with the course and were comfortably quartered. By chance I discovered that a special rum supply was kept to be used for exhausted observers, which was very thoughtful and badly needed.

There were no spare moments, and although the hours stated below may not be exactly correct, they were never in our favour: 1st parade from 7 a.m. to 8 a.m. (Two miles to reach the parade ground). 2nd parade from 8.30 to 12.30, (breakfast between 1st and 2nd parade). 3rd parade from 2 p.m. till 5.30. 4th parade from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. onwards.

Orderly room at 10 p.m., at which all officers and N.C.O.'s in charge of detachments attended; the hour often lasted to midnight; the days work did not end there; often during the night word would be sent to either go up in the balloon or board a car for a certain point, and frequently we were awakened to receive official messages, much to our disgust. The course continued until the German retreat in the spring of 1917, when we all made hasty attempts to rejoin our units. During these months the weather was at its worst. Rain and snow and more rain, the opening chorus ever rang in our ears, "most interesting and novel."

My first trip in a balloon was not altogether exciting. Skull caps, leather jackets and harness for use in conjunction with the parachute was adjusted. Corporal Farrell and I clambered into the basket and were joined by an officer of the 19th Balloon Section, who I will refer to as Mr. "X". We were off. When about 200 feet up, Mr. "X" telephoned to hold up; the ground-men were still around watching us go up, when he said to us, "Watch them run." Shouting to those below, he dropped a couple of small sandbags. It seemed now that the earth was rapidly leaving us, and the basket began to twist around. Neither Farrell or I had anything to say. My mind was being made up as to whether I should jump if the sausage broke away, or whether I would remain and take a chance when she landed. Our silence was broken by seeing horsemen following a boar, which had just broken cover at the Bois de Creecy. By the time the balloon had been halted at 3,000 feet, everything appeared miniature like. The visibility was good and the English Channel and a tramp steamer or two could be easily seen.

After having a good look round during which time the basket was continually winding and unwinding, Mr. "X" pointed to the parachute which was located outside of the basket and said "Do you know what they are for?" I pleaded ignorance. "Well," he said, "if the sausage breaks away, hook yourself to one and jump." As there were only two parachutes and three of us I asked him what he would do. "Oh," he said, "I'll hang on to one of you." Communication was established with the ground by using one of the daylight lamps; owing to the swinging of the basket, the writer had to keep the reader informed as the basket turned.

During this time Mr. "X" left the basket for the rigging and seemed very comfortable up there. He invited us to join him, but we felt compelled to decline. On reaching earth we were no worse for the trip. During the flight, although Rum Row was unheard of at that time, Mr. "X," by some mysterious means, produced a heavenly beverage (discovered in the rigging). Those who have been up in a balloon will appreciate the perilous situation an observer has to face during active service.

The object of training in signalling was that it was desired to train sufficient observers to be placed in balloons, so that in the event of communication in the for-

ward area being cut off, communication could be maintained by these observation balloons. A special badge was issued to observers in this branch, consisting of crossed flags surmounted by a balloon.

Lieut. Fache and I, after much lorry hopping, finally reached our unit at Cappy, and were greeted by the late Lt. Col. VanStraubenzie with the words, "Get them fixed up."

MORE CAVALRY NEEDED

Official Decesion on Recent British Manoeuvres

London, October 11th—Today it was announced that "the official decision on the recent army manoeuvres is that instead of there being a necessity to reduce cavalry, there is urgent need to increase them."

This announcement, of interest to military men all over the world, was made by Lieut.-General Sir William Peyton, military secretary to the secretary of state for war, at a military dinner.

His statement was received with cheers, which correctly reflected the attitude of most British regular army officers toward the arm which the experience of the world war seemed to indicate had become obsolete.

It is generally admitted that the manoeuvres demonstrated that swift and mobile as are the new tanks, their very mobility is apt to get them into trouble, and that their indiscriminate use is apt to prove costly.

The official decision to augment cavalry as an arm of the British army, however, will doubtless be keenly criticized in other than the regular military circles.

A would-be M.P. was vainly trying to capture the interest of his audience. At last he made a desperate bid for it.

"What are you so-called patriots in the house?" he yelled. "Parasites of party humbugs. I pledge myself to no party. Rather would I write across my forehead the words easily read 'To let'."

"And you might add," came a cold voice, "unfurnished."

Nervous Passenger (to chauffeur): "Supposing you were going fifty miles an hour down hill, with a stone wall at the bottom of it, and your brakes failed, what would you do?"

Chauffeur: "Nothing, ma'am; it's done."

The Four Horsemen of Apoloeclipse.

Drip, drip, drip; would the wretched rain never cease. Slowly Capt. Hamandeggs lifted his glass of steaming tea and took a long draught of the burning fluid. Day after day had been like this, and tomorrow was to be the first polo match of the season with Port Ethyr Gallon. It was close upon nine o'clock and in another half-hour he would have to emerge from the cosy comfort of the mess to splash across the barrack square to the guard room and write in the Book of Words the fatal words "Visited guard at 11.30 p.m." Being a past master at the art of entering a guard room without arousing the guard, the necessity of going out into the fast descending shadows of the night troubled him little. What did annoy him was the fact that the polo match for which he had practised so faithfully would have to be put off. With a deep, drawn sigh, he once more lifted his glass and drained it to the bottom.

"Hurry up, Hamandeggs," a voice called from the door-way; "you have only ten minutes to dress for the match." With a start our hero awoke, and, rubbing his eyes, beheld the sunlight streaming through the broken window. Could he have slept the whole night in the ante-room? He could hardly realize it, and yet here it was broad daylight and his commanding officer frowning at him from the doorway, already dressed for the fray. He ruebed his eyes again; surely he must be dreaming. The tall figure framed in the doorway was clad in a bathing suit, his feet encased in rubber boots, and a tight-fitting rubber cap shut completely from view his glossy hair. "Don't sit there mooning," the apparition said. "I told you to hurry and dress, and don't forget to oil yourself so you can move faster through the water."

Slowly Hamandeggs got up and went to his quarters. Everything seemed so unreal, and yet the sight of his soldier servant laying out the exact duplicate of the kit his C.O. had on, reassured him. In a few minutes he found himself togged out and ready. "Nice day for the game, sir," his cheery batman interjected, "the field is almost flooded and it looks like more rain." Were they all mad or was he dreaming? Hamandeggs sniffed the air for any odour of liquor but the dainty aroma of stable flowers, so dearly beloved by the

average trooper, was all that was wafted up to his nostrils. With a groan he took the bath robe which his maid handed to him and rushed from the room.

Outside, the sky was overcast and a steady drizzle was already falling. Figures could be seen hurrying towards the polo field and the stentorian voice of the sergeant-major could be heard giving directions to the long line of motor cars which stretched from the barrack gate towards the field. What a crazy scheme to attempt polo on a day like this. With a shudder he opened the door and slowly splashed his way through the mud towards the stables. Arriving there, he was nearly knocked over by a fantastic figure on a huge pony, whom he recognized as the polo coach. Clad in a two-piece bathing suit at least three sizes too large, his legs completely hidden in a pair of waist-high waders, "Mac" Millinery presented a strange appearance. An issue rain coat was fastened around his waist by means of a thick coil of rope, and on his head a turban of issue "rubbers" in regimental colours added to the grotesque assembly. "Dam your eyes, Hamandeggs," the apparition shouted, "get out of my way and get mounted. Do you think this rain is going to last for ever?" Blindly, Hamandeggs stumbled into the stable and sought his faithful henchman "Angry." The appearance of the stable presented even a stranger sight to his eyes. Grooms in almost nude attire were hastily buckling life preservers on oil-soaked ponies, whose feet were encased in huge, flat leather shoes. Nearly blinded by the coal oil fumes, he made his way to his ponies and found the faithful "Angry" stretched across the stall asleep. With the well-accustomed penetration of the old cavalryman, he saw at a glance that his saddlery was intact. His favourite bridle, with the broken nose-band on it, hung on its accustomed peg. The long shank of the polo bit gleamed with rust. Even in the gloom he recognized his saddle by the spatters of clay he had accumulated the day before on the race track. His favourite pony, "Hayricks," whinnied understandingly. Thanks to the faithful "Angry," it had not been necessary to oil the coats as much as the other ponies. "Angry" had always stoutly refused to remove the grease from the coats, firmly maintaining that the more grease left in the easier it was for his pets to slip by the other ponies when on the field.

With a playful kick, Hamandeggs aroused the recumbent figure. Jumping hastily to his feet, "An-

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"SALADA"

TEA

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gry brought his hand to the salute, though in so doing he unavoidably caught his fingers, which were wide-spread in the manner of a frog's foot, in the stirrup of the saddle, and brought it down with a thud on the head of his master. Overcome by this catastrophe, he backed away, and, slipping on the greasy floor of the stall, clutched frantically for support. Unfortunately, the first thing his hand came in contact with was the horse-rug, folded on the side, and "Hayrick," frightened by the rapidly-descending rug, dashed madly from the stall, precipitating "Angry," Hamandeggs, and the rug in a heap on the floor. After some minutes of silent contemplation, Trooper "Toofussy" was heard to remark that "Old Hayricks had scrambled Hamandeggs for sure."

Nothing daunted by the delay, our hero mounted and made his way to the field. Here an astonishing sight met his startled gaze. In place of the green turf, a wide expanse of muddy water lay between the boards, on which, or in which, several figures on ponies were splashing up and down hitting a large ivory ball. The ball bounced jauntily on the surface of the miniature lake, proving the axiom of the well-known

advertisement "It Floats." Hardly had Hamandeggs taken his place when the referee, Captain Home Sweet Home, paddled from the side in a canvas canoe, and motioned to the players to form up. To Hamandeggs' incredulous eyes, the Port Ethyr team towered above his side. They were similarly attired, except that they wore steel helmets instead of bathing caps, and these were painted white. Before throwing in the ball, the referee shook hands with each player and wished them God-Speed. Then with a graceful waive of his hand, he threw the ball straight at Major Zowie, and the game was on. Blinded by the driving sheets of water, Hamandeggs rode madly at his nearest opponent and caught him round the waist. Even if he could not see the ball, the oft-repeated warning of the pay branch, "Never leave your check," was resounding through his brain, and he determined to live up to his teaching. Together they rode through the surging torrent, like the dear old "Patriot," that speedy, death-defying torpedo-boat destroyer, the pride of every true Canadian. Suddenly, Hamandeggs beheld a white object a short distance to his right, bobbing on the surface. Like a flash he swerved, and shaking loose his

opponent, dashed recklessly at his prey. In the horizon two dim shapes loomed up and Hamandeggs saw with delight that these were the opposing goal posts. What an easy shot. Already he could hear the excited shouts of the other players in the distance. Motor horns blew and whistles resounded. Now was the time to prove the confidence his coach had placed in

him. With the fierce shout of his ancestors, which had stricken terror into the hearts of the Conscientious Objectors at the Battle of Piccadilly Circus. "My Word," he brought his mallet down with a resounding crash on the ball. To his surprise and horror, instead of flashing off towards the goal, the object disappeared from view beneath the surface, and only a few bubbles marked the spot where it had rested.

He was still dazed when a medley of players dashed up and, dismounting, dived beneath the water. In a few minutes they were up again, supporting the limp body of the Port Ethyr captain, his head streaming with blood. With angry shouts and threatening looks the opposing side gathered round him. Hamandeggs felt himself growing cold all over. Gone was his dream of glory, gone was his chance of proving his worth, the plaudits of the crowd had turned to hisses. Through the stupor which seemed to have seized him, he heard the C.O. say, "Consider yourself in close arrest." He staggered a few steps. Visions of a court martial appeared; he already saw his name in the papers as a murderer; perhaps he was responsible for starting an international conflagration. Wars had started with less pretext than this. He felt the firm grip of the coach on his shoulder. "Ten-thirty, sir; is there anything more you want before we close the mess?" With a startled shout he rose to his feet. Gone was the polo field; gone were the players. In place of them he saw the handsome furnishings of the ante-room, and for the stern features of the C.O., the pitying smile of the mess sergeant gave place. "Major Zowie left word for you, sir, that the polo game had been cancelled," he heard the voice saying, and with delight he realized it had all been a dream.

been nicknamed "Canada," and acted as regimental billeting officer during manoeuvres, his "bundobust" being highly praised.

Capt. and Bvt. Major A. H. W. Landon, O.B.E., M.C., R.C.R., has taken up his studies again with the Junior Division of the Staff College at Camberley. Major Landon was umpiring the K.O.Y. L.I. during their entire training, and remained cheerful even after "the" rainy day and a "bivvy" beside a gate-post.

Other Canadians now at the Staff College, Camberley, are Lt.-Col. E. W. Sansom, D.S.O., C.S.A.S., and Major M. A. Pope, M.C., R.C.E., in the Senior Division, and Major R. J. Leach, M.C., R.C.A., in the Junior Division.

The Army Manoeuvres were slightly impeded by rainy weather during the first day, but after the first setback the "war" moved rapidly. Considerable interest was shown in the question of mobility, and large bodies of cavalry were used with skill and effect. It would appear, indeed, that the horse will not be ousted by the tank, but will resume his rightful place in modern armament. At all events, several infantry commanders were heard bewailing the absence of divisional cavalry and offering to trade unlimited push-bikes for a horse.

At the torchlight tattoo at Wembley, which has just closed, the 8th Irish Hussars staged a very fine exhibition of troop jumping, twelve jumps in close succession being negotiated by half-sections. The marching by torchlight of the bands of the Brigade of Guards was very striking, and two amazing P.T. shows by the R.A.F. training depot, one with lanterns, were the event of the evening. The spectacle closed with a Remembrance scene in which the familiar steel helmets and drab uniforms stood out by contrast against the brilliance of the Guards Bands, while the standards of old wars, borne in the costume of the day, saluted the colours of the Great War, and the Last Post rang out over the silent stadium.

MILITIA NOTES

Capt. H. W. Johnson, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., has just returned from England, where he attended the army manoeuvres from September 21st to 25th, in the Andover area. After "hostilities" were concluded Capt. Johnston went down to Aldershot as the honourary guest of the 13/18th Hussars, recently allied to the 17th D.Y.R.C.H. The 13/18th Hussars are moving to Edinburgh for two years.

Capt. D. A. Grant, M.C., R.C.D., has recovered entirely, and was very active on manoeuvres with the 1st Royal Dragoons. He has

FACTS TO BE FACED

Many a girl who is a kitten with men is a cat with women.

Give a man plenty of rope and he is sure to get into an entanglement.

The man who makes light of everything does not set the world on fire.

The modern girl does not wear her heart on her sleeve because her frock so rarely possesses one.

The real hero of many a novel is the man who undertakes to publish it.

Some people come to grief; others wait for it to overtake them.

Men will willingly acknowledge their home-ties so long as they do not include home-made ties.

The best thing to do when you find yourself up a tree is to fall on your feet.

FACTS AND AXIOMS

Look through the key-hole and your eye will be sore.

"Beware of paint," whether on walls or on women.

A motto for C.O.'s? Drink nothing without seeing; sign nothing without reading it.

When we go home late may we find our wives where Cain found his—in the Land of Nod.

Society's "Come In" depends largely on the size of your "In Come."

The reason we are not often possessed by a single vice is that we are distracted by several.

A gentle lie turneth away enquiry.

The five stage-coaches of life: the basinet, the tandem, the motor, the bath chair, the hearse.

Blonde—An abbreviation for peroxide of hydrogen.

Blubber—The useful product of a dead whale; the useless product of a live baby.

Dance—A brisk physical exercise, invented by St. Vitus.

It's hard to understand why men want to get married when debating societies can be joined so easily.

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Notes from England

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S.S.M. McClelland, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., has obtained a certificate for Vickers Machine Gun at the C.S.A.S., South March.

CANADIAN SMALL ARMS
SCHOOL NOTES

During September a detail of 12 horses from the R.C.H.A., Kingston, were taken on the strength to assist "B" Wing with limber drill. A school for "Proficiency in Riding" was carried on, with Captain James Wood, "B" Squadron, R.C.D., supervising, and S.M.I. F. Cox, R.C.D., (I.C.) as assistant instructor.

On Labour Day the 38th Battalion held their annual shoot. Q.M.S.I. Dowdell and Q.M.S.I. Brown, (I.C.), appeared in the prize list in the All Comers and Extra Series Matches.

Q.M.S.I. Brown and Sgt. Instr. Hopkinson qualified as marksmen in Classification practises with the Vickers machine gun.

On September 25th the School held a Weapon Training Meet, with the following events:

200 yards, 5 rounds snapshooting; 500 to 100 yards, 10 rounds fire with movement; 10 yards, 6 rounds rapid fire with revolver; 400 yards, 24 rounds traversing light automatic. No sighting shots and aggregate to count.

Out of sixty entered, Sgt. Instr. Hopkinson got 2nd place, Q.M.S.I.



Lieutenant Steele, winner,
Governor-General's Match,
D.R.A. Meet, 1925.

Brown 6th, and Q.M.S.I. Dowdell 7th. There was also a prize for the squad having a team of three with the highest aggregate score. This was won by the regimental team from St. Johns, consisting of Q.M.S.I. Dowdell, Q.M.S.I. Brown and Sgt. Instr. Hopkinson.

My War Diary.

(Continued)

Boulogne, February 15th.

Up at 10 a.m., and had some breakfast. Saw Sykes off on the train to 1st Army. On my return to hotel I found his watch, which he had left behind, so mailed it to him. Saw Cox and Co., and arranged re cheque for canteen. Paid for football kit. Started back to hotel and got caught in thunderstorm. After dinner went to a show and to bed at twelve. It is raining hard and very windy.

February 16th

Up at 9 a.m. and blowing regular gale. Got cab and called for football things and took them to station. Went to C.E.F. canteen and saw that our order was shipped. Got a case of Perrier after a lot of trouble. Back to hotel for lunch and met some foreign attaches. Got a cab and collected my things and had considerable difficulty in getting them on the train. Left at 1.32 and arrived at Abbeville at 4.30. Telephoned to brigade and asked them to send lorry to meet me at Woincourt. Went through the cathedral, built in 1642. Very fine. Left at 6.40 and reached Woincourt at 8 p.m. Lorry was at station and took goods to our village. Very tired and turned in early.

Friaucourt, February 17th

Breakfast at 7.30. Stayed off parade and made a price-list for canteen. Got counter put up and had stock sorted. Canteen opened at 5 p.m., and sold a lot. Corporal Wardell is in charge. Ordered a saddle and bridle from Champion and Wilton. Cold, dry weather.

February 18th

Squadron Orderly Officer. Pouring rain, so no mounted parade. Had kit inspection at noon. Canteen doing very well. "A" Squadron is moving to Bourseville, so we will have to run canteen ourselves. Sword exercises and lecture in the afternoon. "Pete" is better but still very weak. Turned in shortly after making my rounds.

February 19th

Had squadron drill till 10.45, then sword instruction by a corporal of the K.D.G., a very good man. Rode to Le Treport with Moss and saw "Pud" Leslie, of

Hamilton, who is at the Canadian hospital there as an M.O. Stayed for dinner and had a lovely moonlight ride home. Timmis goes on leave on the 26th.

February 20th

Church parade at 9.15 and marched to Tully. Saw Captain Wright, of Ottawa, there with Cavalry Field Ambulance. Rode with Moss to see "Pete" after lunch. He is much better, but in very thin and has his coat clipped off. Rode over to see the new "A" Squadron billet in Bourseville. It was very comfortable. Wrote some letters, had a hot tub and went to bed.

February 21st

Squadron parade at 8.45. Very cold and raw. Rode over at 5.10 p.m. to hear General Seeley lecture on "A Recent Visit to the French Army." It was very interesting. Saw Bill Hall. Had letters from Col. Frank Reid, Kirky and Billy Child. After dinner went over reconnaissance scheme for tomorrow. Snow fell quite heavily and it has turned very cold.

February 22nd

Went out on scheme at 9 a.m. with Timmis and Whitehead. Rode to a place near Eu and drew up a sketch for defensive position reaching to Beauchamp. Returned in hail storm which nearly blinded us. Did not reach Friaucourt till 3.30, and we were very tired and hungry. Stayed in all evening as it was snowing hard. Played the Deccaphone and went to bed early. Very cold night.

February 23rd

Up at 6 a.m. Squadron Orderly Officer. Very cold and quite a lot of snow. Roads frozen hard. Too slippery for mounted work. Had stables, and instruction in sword drill by K.D.G. corporal. Afterwards the officers had some instruction too. The Brigadier inspected the horses and billets at noon. Had more sword exercises in the afternoon and inspection of horses by the vet. Timmis left at 4 p.m. for his leave and I am in charge during his absence. Rode to Le Treport to the dentist and had two teeth filled. Blinding snow storm and very cold.

February 24th

Still very cold and slippery, so did not attempt mounted work, but had a march from 9 to 10.30.

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Sword drill by troops with the N.C.O.'s under the S.S.M. from 10.45 to 11.15. Squadron mounted parade at 2 p.m. 1st class and remounts under Moss and Grant. 2nd and 3rd class in the field doing equitation. Divisional scheme in the morning, and wrote orders for parade. Dinner early and wrote letters.

February 25th

Up at 7 a.m. Divisional scheme postponed, as roads are impassable. Had half hour foot drill and then lecture on dismounted action. General called meeting of squadron leaders at Tully, and discussed riding instruction for recruits. Snowed all afternoon. Had lecture on "Scouting." Wilkes came to dinner and played bridge. Heavy snow-fall.

February 26th

Had squadron parade at 8.45 in heavy snow. Did some squadron drill and then split up into rides. Corp. Tamlyn selected to take the Hotchkiss Rifle course. Inspected billets and saddlery in the afternoon and had half an hour sword exercise for officers. Rode to Le Treport with Whitehead and Bowie. Had dinner there and came home early in rain sleet. Horses are to have hot feed once per week and chaff in oats daily. Wrote letters, and to bed early.

February 27th

Church parade at 9.15 and marched to Tully. Major Straubenzie came round the stables at noon. Hay nets and nose bags are to be used where possible. Inspection by Divisional Commander tomorrow. Had muster and pay parade at 3.45. Martin is going off to Canadian Corps Headquarters to get "Shiela" tomorrow. It is thawing out, and the roads and fields are pretty bad.

February 28th

Up at 6.15. Squadron parade at 8.45, and marched down to the sands north of Ault for inspection by Divisional Commander, General Leader. Back at 12.30. Had stables in afternoon and general clean-up of Indian saddlery we had borrowed. Rode to Le Treport with Newcomen for dinner. Martin left for Bailleul to bring back "Shiela." Gill has taken his place as my groom.

February 29th

Squadron parade at 8.45. Went down to the sands, but the tide

was in, so we did road work instead. Back at 11.15. Arranged about recreation room for the men. Got permission to start wet canteen. Have to send one officer and sixty-six men to meet our horses from England at Gamache at 7.40 p.m. tonight. Detailed Moss. Made arrangements re stabling and rugs. Had rum-selling estaminets put out of bounds.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

A ST. JOHNS SOCIETY FABLE

Once upon a time there lived a man who liked fishing. When the weather was Cleary caught Salmon, but when it was Renee and Black he could not catch the Wylie fish, and packed his Kit, the amount of which was a-Pauling. As he strolled along he encountered a Scotch lass, who asked him to make a sketch of her. With Savoye Faire he complied, but as soon as he Drury knew the picture was terrible. "Simone," she cried, "this looks like a Pola bear." In Casey had made a mistake he looked, but it was Clearly his fault. "Lomme," he exclaimed, "I Dawson't stop."

Officers Mess Entertain.

On Saturday evening, October 10th, the officers of the Station and their friends foregathered in the officers' mess to welcome Captain and Mrs. Balders to St. Johns. While this was the main reason for holding a celebration, the fact that Captain "Boy" Drury first saw the light of day on the date in question, and Mrs. John Savoye entered this dreary world on October 11th, added impetus to the event. The particular year in which these two world-renowned events took place was not mentioned by either of the participants, but it was said to have been in the days when a girl thought she had to be straight-laced to show good form.

The delightful autumn weather so dearly beloved by the polar bears and Eskimos, made the lighting of fires not only desirable but essential, and with reckless abandon several samples of coal from the fuel supply of 1925-26 were burned. In honour of the occa-

sion, mess kits had been removed from cedar cupboards, moth-proof safes and other hiding places, and the delicate aroma of camphor recalled to many a grizzled veteran the harrowing tale of how one of the guilded staff at the base had received a stroke from finding a moth in his gas mask.

During the evening, those whose limited capacity for "samples" grudgingly forced them to give up their places round the Ouija board gave varied expressions to their feelings in terpsichorean art of the more advanced school. A particularly notable number was an interpretation of a woodland scene, given by two members of Balaams Sauve Qui Peut Company. Unfortunately the censor bans the mentioning of names, but Mr. Cleary's interpretation of a fawn drinking at the brook was a masterpiece.

After a near riot, in which a few punches were exchanged, the guests assembled in the ante-room, where Captain Drury was presented with a loving cup by his admirers of both sexes. A handsome inscription in the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians, was attached to the cup by Capt. Halkett. Capt. Drury, in a few well-chosen words, thanked the donors on behalf of Mrs. Drury and himself, and expressed a firm conviction that no more suitable design could have been found. He recalled having had his first glimpse of a similar one many years before.

On the stroke of midnight, a few friends gathered round and wished Mrs. Savoye "Many happy returns of the day." Mrs. Savoye was deeply touched by their expressions, and responded in a fitting manner. A diversion was created by the appearance of food and the next few minutes were spent in sampling Mr. Manning's delicacies. In the meantime the lemonade had been replenished and hostilities recommenced. Owing to the atmospheric disturbance that had taken place on Friday night and most of Saturday, the highway from Rouses Point became blocked with tourists from Virginia, Cuba, Florida, Texas and all points north of the equator, and a distinguished party of guests from across the line were compelled to turn back to the land of milk and honey, after exhausting every known device to try to reach their objective.

Before the sun rose over the yard arm, the little band of die-hards still assembled, made a willing if inadequate attempt to fill the wide open spaces with scrambled eggs. A serious accident was narrowly averted in the kitchen

when an egg prematurely exploded, but fortunately the timely assistance of Nursing Sister Wylie prevented the disaster from becoming more than local. After quieting the other hen fruit with soothing touch, she washed her hands of the whole thing. Had it not been for Miss Wylie's presence of mind, it might have become necessary to awaken the M.O., who had retired some hours previously to meditate upon the influence of grape juice on the giggles. In the cold grey dawn the phantom of a well-known make of car slipped silently through the Barrack gate, and the evening and the morning were the next day.

GARRISON SERGEANTS' MESS "AT HOME"

The usual smoking concert, at which the prizes won at the annual shoot are presented, was held in the mess rooms on Saturday, October 10th. The prizes were presented by Sergt.-Major Mountford, who acted as chairman for the ensuing concert.

It would be folly to try and enumerate all the various numbers rendered during the evening. Sufficient to say that the usual noises were indulged in, the same old jokes retold, and Q.M.S.I. Dowdell, whose first appearance this was after a long absence, was no worse than usual.

The same old "goodly crowd" was there, and negotiated their "weary way" homewards at that hour of the morning before which no respectable "smoker" would dream of "ceasing fire."

"SAILOR" LAWRENCE DEPARTS

The departure of Trooper Lawrence, who took his discharge on October 10th, after over five years service with "A" Squadron, was regretted by all ranks. Lawrence was always a favourite, and whatever he undertook to do, he did with all his might and main. In athletic events he trained unsparingly, and was a first class long distance runner, a soccer player of no mean ability and a scientific boxer. Before joining the regiment, Trooper Lawrence served in the Royal Navy from April, 1915, to February, 1919. He was always in the pink of condition, and towards the end of his service he suffered from too strenuous training. We wish him the very best of luck, and will always be glad to welcome him back.



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Annual Musketry.

It is a custom in the army that all men fire an annual course of musketry. Unlike the majority of such customs, this perhaps is the only one that is strictly adhered to. Why! even the almighty batmen have to pocket their dignity and do the same things as the common or garden trooper. Of course, there is always an exception to every rule, and in this case the law of averages still holds good. Sometimes an individual whose occupation is such that it will probably provide him with more of the "filthy lucre" than a martial bearing, will create more havoc among his comrades at the firing point than amongst the supposed enemy, as represented by the various targets. In such a case the correct procedure is to have this individual quietly destroyed. Unfortunately, living as we do, in an effete civilization, the correct procedure cannot always be followed, and the next best method of getting rid of this youth, who resembles Nelson inasmuch that he uses the same eye for glancing over his "sights" as the famous sailor did when using his telescope on a memorable occasion, is to send him back home. If he cannot be sent home, he should be kept away from the ranges and placed in solitary confinement, as his appearance on the range will cause consternation and perhaps mutiny among the men slated to fire on the same range with him.

The majority of units in the Permanent Force believe that the proper time to fulfil their "shooting" obligations is at that time of the year when the weather is nice and warm and the breezes are like the personnel—soft and balmy. But we stalwarts of the north, worthy of a place among the Spartans, scorn such tendencies towards effeminacy. Not for us the long languorous hours when waiting for one's turn to fire is almost a pleasure, nor those moonlit, semi-tropical early mornings when the long walk from the car stop is a joyous experience. It is our fortune to fire our course under almost wintry conditions. This, while it may detract from the marksmanship of the majority of us, ensures that we do not over-enjoy ourselves—and this is a very laudable end to strive for. There is nothing so pathetic as the soldier with the reputation of a wit. How these reputations are earned in the first place is rather a mystery, but it is a well-known fact that in every unit there is an individual who is "a bit of a lad." This poor un-



Pointe-aux-Trembles, 1924

fortunate is expected to furnish "wise cracks" at all times and under all conditions. The manner in which these "natural comedians" rise to the occasion is almost heroic but the strain is too great, and an early military funeral is their ultimate fate. Therefore it is just as well that any tendency towards facetiousness should be sternly discouraged among the members of the Permanent Force.

It is laid down somewhere in Musketry Regulations that troops firing their annual course will fire only so many rounds per day. This parsimony is totally incomprehensible to the average soldier, for so long as one fires a given number of rounds in a given direction in the shortest possible time, what more can even the most exacting stickler for "red tape" require. Accuracy of aim is, of course, essential; but in a unit whose "marksmen" and "firers" are working in cohesion and observing the rules of what is called "esprit de corps" this factor can easily be taken care of. It must be remembered that the same rules cannot be expected to rule a cavalry unit as govern an infantry unit. When an infantry unit departs for the range, the members of it are quite happy, providing their canteen has accompanied them; but separate a cavalryman from his horse and he is like a fish out of water. One cannot expect him to give of his best when he is constantly worrying if his horse has had its piece of candy today. Has it been thoroughly groomed? and will anybody kiss it goodnight? With these and many more worries on his mind, is it strange that the average horse-soldier is rewarded with the sight of the "maggie" many more times than the "bull"? When a cavalry unit is allowed to take its horses to the range and picket them somewhere between the five hundred firing point and the targets, then and not till then, will the members of that unit be able to

show a preponderance of marksmen.

Captain: "What is strategy in war?"

Sergeant: "Well, sir, strategy is when you don't let the enemy know you are out of ammunition, but keep on firing."

Ambitious Author: "Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story!"

Fast Friend: "Who from?"

Author: "The express company. They lost it."

The Exploits of Bonzo

Bonzo, the world-renowned plain clothes detective of a famous infantry regiment, was seated in the ante-room of the sergeants' mess. His massive brow was resting on his cupped left hand, while his right hand lay on his equally massive abdominal protuberance. He appeared to be cogitating deeply. At times his right hand moved with lightning swiftness to the table close by, and abstracting therefrom a glass filled with an amber-coloured fluid, conveyed it to his mouth, where it, (the liquid), disappeared from view. Returning his glass to the table he, with an imitable gesture, signalled his friend and faithful companion, Saymore, who was seated not too near the great man. Saymore, with a sadly deprecatory shake of the head, motioned the waiter to replenish the infamous detective's glass, and on paying, it was seen that his expression was still more gloomy, for he could not understand why his great friend could wallow in this, his only vice. Grouped around in respectful silence, were the remaining members of the uniformed foot police of the

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afore-mentioned unit. An air of tense expectancy was to be discerned in the atmosphere, and the prevailing silence was only broken by the scarcely-heard footfalls of the soft-footed waiter as he moved to and fro attending to the numerous wants of the various members of the group of dismounted sleuths. Bonzo's brow was deeply corrugated; the process of thought seemed to be causing him much pain. He stirred irritably whenever the waiter showed the slightest inclination of approaching with a "chit," and to give the great brain free and uninterrupted play, faithful Saymore took all pecuniary worries from his mind.

At length, with one of those characteristic grunts that so endeared him to his numerous admirers, the great detective roused himself from his meditations and began: "You see, my dear Saymore, the whole thing is really very simple, almost elementary in fact. From information received we know that Pte. Bunk has absconded. In other words, he is no longer under military custody. There we have established the undoubted fact that a crime has been committed; this we shall call point one. Now, our next step is to find a motive for the crime.

This can be arrived at if one only reasons the whole thing out. Pte. Bunk is no longer in the guard room, and this fact has been proved by the flying sentry, whose wings still bear signs of the clipping inflicted upon them by the absentee, so it follows he must be somewhere else. Now, if Pte. Bunk is somewhere else, the only logical conclusion we can arrive at is—that he had absolutely no use for the guard room. And that, gentlemen, is the motive for the crime."

After this piece of clear and concise reasoning had been unfolded, a subdued murmur of applause arose from the assembled group, but this the great man waved away with a shake of the hand, motioning to his empty glass at the same time. Then, with his usual sunny greeting, "Thanks, Paul, I will," he gave his right hand some of its regular exercise, and again addressed the company. "Now," he began, "having established the facts that a crime has been committed, the motive for the crime, and the identity of the criminal, it is not enough. We must now apprehend this deserter and place him in durance vile. I shall take charge of this matter myself. Of course, I shall need the assist-

ace of all of you. As I am too well known in town—(a soft murmur of "here, here," was instantly quelled by a stern look from the speaker) I propose to disguise myself as a human being, move down to the Canada, where I shall establish my headquarters in the most accessible room. You, my dear Saymore, will go to the Grand Trunk station and watch the trains coming in and out. You will find this a most elevating pastime, and while waiting, you can probably reason out what makes the wheels go round. I want the remainder of you to go down-town and search all the most unlikely places, for one seldom finds a criminal in a likely place. You will submit half-hourly reports to me at the Canada, and I will take the necessary action."

As the group moved off to their respective stations, one young innocent coyly asked: "Which would you call the most accessible room in the Canada, sir?" "Ah," replied Bonzo, playfully digging his questioner in the ribs, "where will you find me most times of the day? Use your imagination, me lad, at all times. That's what put me where I am today."

A successful man is one who knows what he wants, and gets it.

Garrison Seargents' Mess.

ANNUAL SHOOT

The members of the above mess held their annual shoot on Sunday, October 4th, at Point-aux-Trembles. Owing to the happy selection of a day which suited the honorary members, quite the largest number of competitors turned up than in any recent year.

The party left St. Johns in two charabanes at eight o'clock, and reached the range by 10.30. Suitable refreshments having been taken in the cars, it was with intense surprise that everyone saw "Jimmy" MacFarlane seemed quite rational.

At the two hundred yards range Sgt. Gardener went into first place with a possible score of 35; Sgt. Davies being second with 33, and S.Q.M.S. Snape was third with 32.

The honorary members' match, which was fired at two hundred yards, the large six-foot target being used, was productive of great excitement. "Jimmy" started off with a couple of "bulls," and his light was certainly not shrowded

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by any bushel—not so far as we could notice, anyway. However, doubtless owing to feeling the ill-effects of a mis-spent youth, he fell off quite a lot, and the tail of his score-card with something like that of a decrepid donkey. Mr. Watson won this match with a "possible" score of 35, thereby proving the truth of the old adage—"Old soldiers never die—" Mr. Nethercut was second with 33; and the irrepressible Tommy Howe was third with 32. After this match had been finished, Mr. Tom Pugh was heard remarking: "Anyway, I'm glad I wasn't last." Mr. Tom Clarkson, who, owing to his extreme youth, was shooting from scratch, surprised one or two reputed "shots."

In the rapid-fire match, S.Q.M.S. S. Snape made top score, and Sgt. Major Meuse was second, one point behind, with 39.

At five hundred yards, Sgt. Major Meuse secured first place with 22 out of 25, and Sgt. Bert was second with a similar but not so consistent score. By this time the majority of the members had lunched, and the firing was becoming somewhat erratic. It was at this range that "Jimmy" made the disastrous blunder of confusing the meeting with a regatta. Mr. Clarkson, whose motto seems to be "Second to None," emulated his performance a little later.

At six hundred yards Q.M.S. Snape again secured first place, with a score of 19 out of a possible 25, while Sgt. Harris was second with 17, and Sgt. Sheehy was third with 15.

S.Q.M.S. Snape, who had been shooting consistently all day, carried off premier honours in practically everything, and received the hearty congratulations of the remaining members at the termination of the firing.

The party left the range about 7.00 p.m., and returned to St. Johns around 9 p.m., where they "broke up" like the little children—"tired but happy."

GARRISON SERGEANTS MESS ANNUAL SHOOT

Special Prizes

1. "Honorary Members' Cup," donated by the honorary members of the Sergeants' Mess, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, to be competed for annually, in the grand aggregate (excluding rapid fire). Winner, Annual Shoot, 1925, S.Q.M.S. Snape, R.C.D.

2. "Dow Cup," donated by The National Breweries, Montreal, to be competed for annually in the Rapid Fire Match. Winner, An-



The "Hell"ing of Troy

nuel Shoot, 1925, S.Q.M.S. Snape, R.C.D.

3. "Gaunt Cup," donated by J. R. Gaunt & Sons, Montreal, for highest score in the 600 yards match, and won by S.Q.M.S. Snape, R.C.D.

4. "Meunier Cup," donated by Mr. Meunier, jeweller, of St. Johns, for highest aggregate (including Rapid Fire Match), won by S.Q.M.S. Snape, R.C.D.

Presentation of Prizes, Honorary Member's Match, October 10th

"Birks Bronze Medal" for the highest score in the Honorary Members' Match, won by Mr. Watson, donated by Henry Birks, Montreal.

1. Mr. Watson, cigarette case, donated by Mr. G. Cousineau, barber, St. Johns.

2. Mr. Nethercut, tie, donated by The St. Johns Syndicate, St. Johns.

3. Mr. Howe, T., pipe, donated by Messrs. Cann and Strickland, St. Johns.

4. Mr. MacFarlane, J., box cigars, donated by Mr. A. Trudeau, St. Johns.

5. Mr. Bates, box cigars, donated by Messrs. Stewart and Denault, St. Johns.

6. Mr. Wilcox, A., box cigars, donated by Mr. T. L. Dixon, St. Johns.

7. Mr. Pugh, T., box cigars, donated by Mr. A. Richard, St. Johns.

8. Mr. Clarkson, T., \$1.00 in cash, donated by Mr. Godin, St.

Johns.

9. Mr. Ellis, G., box chocolates, donated by Mr. P. O'Cain, St. Johns.

1. S.Q.M.S. Snape, J., R.C.D., 2 volt radio battery, donated by The Hart Battery Co., St. Johns; Eversharp pencil, donated by Mr. H. Bernard, St. Johns.

2. Sgt. Sheehy, T., R.C.D., \$5.00 in gold, donated by Dr. A. Gervais, dentist, St. Johns; \$2.00 in cash, donated by The Thuot Coal Co., St. Johns.

3. Sgt. Harris, R., R.C.D., alarm clock, donated by Green-shields, Limited, Montreal; box cigars, donated by Windsor Hotel, St. Johns.

4. Sgt. Bert, G., R.C.R., \$5.00 in gold, donated by The Troy Laundry Co., Iberville; \$2.00 cheque, Mr. Casavant, St. Johns.

5. Sgt. Bazley, J. H., one ham, donated by The Beauchamp Meat Market, St. Johns; case beer, donated by C.P.R. Hotel, St. Johns.

6. Sgt. Neeves, A., sweater coat, donated by A. G. Spalding Bros., Ltd., Montreal; \$2.00 in cash, donated by The Monarch Bottling Co., St. Johns.

7. Sgt. Langley, J., R.C.D., safety razor, The National Drug and Chemical Co., Montreal; \$2.00 in cash, donated by Mr. T. Marceau, St. Johns.

8. Sgt. Davies, R., club bag, donated by Mr. St. Germain, St. Johns; bottle olive oil, donated by Mr. E. Mayrand, St. Johns.

9. Q.M.S. Muise, P.J., R.C.A.M.C., pipe, with case, donated by Mr. O. Gamache, St. Johns; \$2.00 in cash, donated by Mr. V. Gregoire, St. Johns.

10. S/Sgt. Sarrasin, E., R.C.R., pipe, with case, donated by Mr. Laberge, C.P.R., St. Johns; knife, donated by Gervais & Son, St. Johns.

11. Sgt. Rayner, S., M.M., R.C.R., box cigars, donated by The C.P.R. Hotel, St. Johns; 2½ lbs.

British Consols, donated by H. C. Fortier, Montreal.

12. S.M. Mountford, J., R.C.D., pouch and pipe, donated by Mappin and Webb, Ltd., Montreal; 2½ lbs. British Consols, donated by H. C. Fortier, Montreal.

13. Sgt. Kevins, W., R.C.A.S.C., safety razor, donated by The Poulin Drug Store, St. Johns; case beer, donated by The National Hotel, St. Johns.

14. Sgt. Gardner, D., R.C.D., \$5.00 in cash, donated by The Canada Cafe, St. Johns; \$3.00 credit note, donated by Towner & Frere, St. Johns.

15. F.Q.M.S. Hill, C.H., S.C.D., \$5.00 in cash, donated by Mr. Elliott, St. Johns; case of canned goods, donated by Windsor Canning Co., St. Johns.

16. Sgt. Godin, P., R.C.R., \$5.00 in cash, donated by Mr. Cleary, St. Johns; handkerchiefs, donated by Mr. I. Hevey, St. Johns.

17. Sgt. Barker, R.C.D., \$5.00 in cash, donated by The Canada Cafe, St. Johns; tobacco pouch, donated by Mr. J. B. Hebert, St. Johns.

18. Sgt. Barraclough, R.C.D., \$5.00 in cash, donated by Mr. P. Trahan, St. Johns; camera, donated by Mr. Pinsonnault, St. Johns.

19. S/Sgt. Ellis, R.C.D., \$5.00 credit note, donated by Lomme & Co., St. Johns; flower pot, donated by Lesieur & Frere, St. Johns.

20. Sgt. Campbell, W., M.M., R.C.D., \$5.00 in cash, Capt. R. E. Balders, M.C., R.C.R.; ladies' shoes, donated by McNulty & Son, St. Johns.

21. Sgt. Taylor, R.C.D., \$5.00 in cash, donated by Major H. L. N. Salmon, M.C., R.C.R.; ash tray, donated by Mr. Melancon, St. Johns.

22. S.S.M. Smith, C.W., R.C.D., 2½ lbs. Cut Brier, donated by H. F. Fortier, Montreal; pipe, donated by Mr. Laberge, grocer, Iberville.

23. Sgt. Baxter, J.W., R.C.

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24. Sergt. Forgraves, D., R.C.D., 2½ lbs. Cut Brier, donated by H. C. Fortier, St. Johns; lamps, donated by the Southern Canada Power Co., St. Johns.

25. Sergt. Henderson, R.C.D., fountain pen, donated by Messrs Latour & Dupuis, St. Johns; camera, donated by Mr. Pinsoumault, St. Johns.

26. Sergt. Hargreaves, W., R.C.D., cigarette case, donated by Mr. Racicot, jeweller, St. Johns; \$5.00 in cash, donated by The Fashion Craft Co., St. Johns.

Niagara Fair Unqualified Success.

The outstanding event of the year in the town and township of Niagara-on-the-Lake, the autumn fair, which was held on Saturday last, was an unqualified success in every particular.

The features and events that contributed to produce this result were many and varied, to wit—the military sports, the races, and the splendid exhibit at the hall of the products of the farm, the orchard, the vineyard, and the domestic science, the fancy work, etc.

The cars could be counted by the score, and as one's eye scanned their plates it could easily have been taken for an international affair from the fact that the names of many of the states of the Union were in evidence.

It was an occasion upon which memories of the past were most readily resurrected. For was it not the passing of the hundred and thirty-third mile post of its inauguration by Governor Simeoe, who, in his efforts to foster and promote agriculture pursuits among the first settlers, started it on its way, and from then until now it has enjoyed a yearly unbroken continuity. In this connection we may just mention that while it has been outgrown in proportions by many other fairs in the province it still enjoys the distinction of being the doyen of them all, notwithstanding many other ambitious places which have set up fictitious claims to the honour.

The track races, both trotting and running, were followed with a zest that from time immemorial seems to be a concomitant to what is popularly known as the sport of kings. However, we must confess that upon this occasion they were comparatively speaking, relegated

to second place, as the premier attraction of interest was with one acclaim conceded to the men of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Their piece de resistance is undoubtedly the Musical Ride or drill, for it truly can be said that nothing in the nature of equine sports could possibly be more pleasing to the onlooker. The noble steed swings round to the strains of music by the band with human-like precision.

The great popularity of this feat, performed by these expert horsemen of the Dragoons was demonstrated throughout by the plaudits of the spectators.

PRIZE-WINNERS AT MILITARY EVENTS

"B" Squadron, R.C.D., held their annual Military Sports on the 19th of September at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. The officers were as follows: judges, Lieut.-Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O., O.C., Royal Canadian Dragoons; Lieut.-Col. Evans, M.C., R.C.A.V.C.; Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., R.C.D.; Major W. Baty, R.C.D.; Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D.; Capt. S. C. Bate, R.C.D. clerk of the course, Q.M. S.I. H. E. Karcher, M.M., R.C.D., asst. clerk of the course, S./Sgt. T. Doran, R.C.D.

The following is a list of the prize-winners in the Military Events at the Niagara Fair.

The Musical Ride was under the direction of Major Timmis. The clerk of the course was H. E. Karcher, M.M., Q.M.S. of the R.C.D. The assistant clerk was Sgt. T. Doran, of the R.C.D.

The Irish Cop and the Clown, who were the centre of attraction of the young people, were Corporal Mercer and Trooper Gill respectively.

The judges were Lieut.-Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O., R.C.A.V.C., Lieut.-Col. I. C. Evans, M.C., Major Timmis, R.S.O., Capt. F. Berteau and Capt. S. C. Bate.

Following are the prize-winners:

Alarm race—1st, L/Cpl. Culliman; 2nd, L/Cpl. Smuck; 3rd, Sgt. Buell.

Bareback wrestling—1st Troop won, consisting of Sgt. Buell, L/Cpl. Edgell, Trooper Morgan and Trooper Jennings.

Sergeants jumping—1st. Sgt. Sayger, 4½ points against him; 2nd, Sgt. Manning, 6 points against him; Sgt. Buell, 13½ points against him.

Tug of War, mounted—1st Troop, consisting of Sgt. Buell, L/Cpl. Edgell, Trooper Morgan, and Trooper Jennings, who pulled against 4th Troop, consisting of L/Cpl. Culliman, Trooper Stafford, Trooper Crowe and Trooper Lamb.

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The First Troop won.

Officers jumping—The following officers entered: Mayor R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., R.C.D.; Major W. Baty, Capt. G. F. Berteau, Capt. S. C. Bate. The winners were 1st, Capt. Berteau; 2nd, Major Timmis, D.S.O.; 3rd, Major Baty.

Two chum race—1st, Sgt. Buell and Trooper S. C. Simpkin; 2nd, Cpl. Siggins and L/Cpl. Cullinan; 3rd, L/Cpl. Edgell and Trooper Houston.

Corporals' and mens' jumping—1st, Trooper Lamb; 2nd, Cpl. Blake; 3rd, Trooper Crowe.

Victoria Cross race — 1st, Cpl. Blake; 2nd, Trooper Beattie; 3rd, L/Cpl. Smuck.

The Franklin County Fair, Malone, N.Y.

Another success was registered by our entries at the Franklin County Fair, held at Malone, N. Y., on September 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th. Major Nordheimer and Captain and Mrs. Drury swept the boards in their classes, winning seven first, eleven second and

four third prizes. Tprs. Clarke and Desfosses looked after the horses and had them fit and ready for each event. The "Big Four" who participated in the Sherbrooke Horse Show, again demonstrated that age is no handicap. "Polly," "Dolly," "Billy" and "Micky" all jumped to form and would have been hard to beat for performance in any company. Mrs. Drury's "Prince" again showed what a good performer he is in the show ring by winning the class open to single horse pony, high stepper, over 14 hands. Conformation and quality to count 40%, all round action 60%. There were four entries in this event and when the blue ribbon was handed to Mrs. Drury, the crowd applauded vigorously. In addition "Prince" won four seconds in stiff company and under different judges.

The horses were shipped from St. Johns on Monday morning, September 21st, at 5 a.m., via C. N.R., and arrived at Huntingdon, a distance of some fifty miles, twelve hours later, after a most exhausting journey. From here they proceeded by road to Malone, 21 miles distant, and reached the Fair Grounds at eleven o'clock at

night. After wandering around in search of some of the officials, our men were finally quartered downtown with the horses in the hotel stables.

Captain and Mrs. Drury, with Major Nordheimer, motored from St. Johns, leaving the Barracks at 9.30 a.m., on Tuesday, and reaching Malone at 12.45 p.m. A visit to the Fair Grounds resulted in it being discovered that the first horse show event would not take place till Wednesday evening at 7.30, so an endeavour was made to have the horses moved to the grounds in order to avoid the long trek back and forth. Through the energy of Mr. Westcott, superintendent of horses, and Mr. Howard, the secretary of the Fair, stabling was procured on Wednesday morning, and the horses moved down.

After a short work-out about ten o'clock, the rest of Wednesday was spent at the Fair and in seeing the town. Malone is a real example of what a hustling American Board of Trade can do. The main street is wide, well paved, and boasts of buildings any city might be proud of. The Hotel Flannigan is a modern, fire-proof building, with every convenience

(except a bar) and outside of the larger hotels in Canada in the big cities, we have nothing to compare to it. The population of Malone is under nine thousand and yet one would think from its appearance that it was a city of at least twice that number.

The Fair itself is well run and is held on excellent grounds. The track is par excellence and a spacious grandstand provides covering for the spectators. Good stabling for horses and cattle is provided and the exhibits are largely devoted to these two. Trotting races provide daily excitement, and the fact that the prizes hung up varied from \$1000 to \$3000 each ensures the best trotters being present. During the Fair on Wednesday, "Peter Manning," who has stepped 1.56 $\frac{3}{4}$, tried to reduce the track record, but the cold wind and the fact that he 'broke' twice spoiled his chances. As an example of what the attendance was like, twenty thousand people had paid admission by noon on Thursday, and five thousand more were admitted in the afternoon. Any town of the population of Malone that can hold a Fair with a daily attendance of 25,000 is to be congratulated.

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At 7.30 on Wednesday evening, before an audience of over 1500, the Horse Show opened. The first event was for green hunters. There were five entries in all. "Polly," ridden by Major Nordheimer, winning the blue ribbon, with "Billy," ridden by Captain Drury, second, and "Dolly," ridden by Major Nordheimer, third. The next event was for Runabout Horse, and brought out six entries, "Prince," driven by Mrs. Drury, getting second to a lovely Chestnut, owned and driven by Mr. Mason, of Malone. Saddle Horse, carrying over 150 lbs., followed, and "Micky" ridden by Captain Drury, got second, over a number of splendid horses, among which were a number of New York State Police mounts, the judge very rightly marking high for manners. Mrs. Drury repeated her success in the Single Harness Horses, again being beaten for first place by Mr. Mason. The Pairs of Saddle Horses to be ridden by a lady and a gentleman followed, and was won by Captain and Mrs. Drury, riding "Dolly" and "Polly." Our pair went splendidly together and were repeatedly applauded by the crowd. In the Combination Class Mrs. Drury received her third red ribbon, the blue again going to Mr. Mason's chestnut. Owing to the lateness of the hour and the intense cold, the Open Hunter Class was put off till the following night and a class for Troop B Mounted Police horses closed the evening.

Unfortunately it rained all Thursday afternoon, and the Horse Show had to be postponed to Friday morning at 9.30, owing to the condition of the track. The first event to be called was the postponed Open Hunter Class, in which Mr. Mason's entry, a fine Chestnut purchased from Mr. Greig, of Ormstown, was awarded first, "Polly," second, and "Dolly" third. In the Ladies' Saddle Horses, Mrs. Drury was again second on "Prince," but obtained revenge in the High Stepper Class by winning first over Mr. Mason's Chestnut. In the Saddle Horses carrying up to 150 lbs., "Polly" was second and "Prince" third. The next event called for Pairs of Hunters, and our entries, "Polly," and "Billy" and "Dolly" and "Micky," ridden by Major Nordheimer and Captain Drury, were first and second respectively. The closing event was the High Jump in which we had three entries and Mr. Mason one. The bars used were the snake fence rails and were not whitewashed, which made them very difficult to see. At 5 feet 8 inches Mr. Mason's entry took

three attempts before clearing, while "Dolly" took two. At six feet Mr. Mason's horse failed to clear, while "Polly" and "Dolly" ridden by Major Nordheimer, and "Billy," ridden by Capt. Drury, all cleared on their first attempt amid great applause.

The horses were shipped from Whites Station at 8.30 Saturday morning, saving ten miles of road trip, but did not reach St. Johns till the small hours of Sunday morning. The treatment received from the officials of the Fair was most courteous in every way, and besides being a very successful trip, it was one of the most enjoyed. It was the first attempt at staging a horse show in connection with the Fair, and those behind the movement deserve the highest praise for their efforts, which must have been as gratifying to them, as they undoubtedly were to the exhibitors and spectators.

NO. 61, EX-TROOPER ARTHUR
WILLIAM BROWN, C.M.R.,
R.C.D.

The following extracts from a communication received from Mr. Lawrence H. J. Brown, 15 J. Suttons Dwellings, Cale Street, Chelsea, London, England, are self explanatory. If any reader can furnish any information relating to NO. 61, EX-TROOPER ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN, C.M.R. (R.C.D.), Canadian Contingent, South African War, will he please drop a line.

"I am writing to ask as a favour if you would kindly make enquiries as to the whereabouts of my brother, A. W. Brown, who served in your regiment during the South African War and went to the front with the C.M.R., getting wounded at Riet Vlar. He married on his return to Canada and lived on East or West Street for some considerable time but I have not heard from him for some time now. He mentioned that he was likely to be travelling with a patent which his father-in-law brought out. I daresay some of his old comrades in the regiment have kept up a correspondence with him and would be able to give his present address. I and my younger brother are together here. We both served in the Great War, in Italy, France, Belgium and Germany, and both pulled through without getting wounded. I trust, sir, that you will be able to put me in touch with my brother or his family. I have moved from the address he last wrote to, and the same has happened in his case."

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Correspondence

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Editor, "The Goat"

Dear Sir:—

Received my first number of "The Goat" today, and I am certainly delighted with same. It certainly brings back memories of our old times, and to read "My War Diary" makes me want to get all previous issues for this year, so I can discover the author. Will you please let me have them, as I can see what interesting reading I have missed. Am enclosing one dollar for next year's renewal. I do not know if you can remember me, but it was Dryden, Welsh and myself who told you what had happened to Vic just as you were leaving the Wood, after you had been wounded. A few days after I left the regiment, on April 1st, I was hit and gassed in Moriel Wood. I always remember you as my only appearance "on the mat" was before you at Auchy les Headin. I was supposed to have been seen hitting MacGregor's horse, but you believed me and let me off.

Civilian life has been good to me. I was agent here in Kitchener for the Coco Cola Company for three years; then was approached by the Kuntz Brewery to take over their agency, and have been with them for two years.

I have seen very little of the old boys since coming back, and the only officer I have seen was Major Timmins, but he failed to recognize me. Lieuts. Sawyer and Berteau, I guess, had charge of my old troop, the 4th, and have often wondered what became of them.

Well, sir, I must congratulate you on "The Goat," also the staff, and wish you every success. Hoping to hear from some of the "old boys" and giving all a standing invitation to "drop in" if any should be in Kitchener,

Respectfully yours,

Ex-Trooper Chas. H. Meeker
3659, 4th Troop, "A" Squad-
ron, R.C.D.
Oct. 1st, 1925

Editor, Evening Telegram:

Sir:—I would like to draw the attention of Telegram readers to what, in my mind, seems to be a lack of knowledge on the part of the Toronto public as to what is the National Anthem. For instance, the other day I was listening to the Norfolk Band at the Exhibition. When they played "O Canada" immediately many stood up and hats came off, but I was pleased to note that three of our

Permanent Force Cavalry men who were present remained seated and did not move until the 'King' was played, when they immediately sprang to attention.

This act on their part caused some comment at the time, but don't you think, with me, that they were perfectly correct. Again in the grandstand on Saturday night a number of people arose to the "Maple Leaf," so how many National Anthems have we? I have heard this question asked more than once by visiting Americans.

LOYALIST

Editor, "The Goat,"

Sir:—

Enclosed please find two cuttings from The Toronto Evening Telegram, which I thought you might like to publish in our paper, seeing that it refers to us undoubtedly, as I myself was one of the three men mentioned at the Norfolk Band. It would also show our readers what the public really thinks about our National Anthem.

No. 640, L/Cpl. Hide, R.,
"B" Squadron.

P.S.—How about more crossword puzzles?

Troopers Set Example When They
Recognized Canada's One and
Only National Anthem

Is it Ignorance or Obstinacy That
Accounts For It?

Editor, Telegram:

Sir:—I read the letter of "Loyalist" in your esteemed paper, and I quite agree with him; there decidedly is a lack of knowledge, or is it Canadian obstinacy, that they want to recognize "O Canada" or "The Maple Leaf" as the national anthem?

There is one, and only one, National Anthem, "God Save the King," the strains of which bring a thrill to every British heart.

BULLDOG.

Some farmers were spending a jolly night at the Inn of Giamis, cracking jokes and telling stories. One of the number, who had a great opinion of his own voice, offered to sing, but was jeered at by the others. This insult was hard to bear, and he made a bet of a bottle of brandy that he could prove he had not only sung before the Queen, but had also slept in the same house. The wager was immediately taken, and to the satisfaction of all present the farmer proved that he had been to the Kirk of Crathie on the previous Sunday and had done both.

Sports

POLO.

INTERNATIONAL MILITARY
POLO

For the second time in succession, an army team from the United States has won the military polo championship of the world. The following account is by Major E. Bell, a British polo expert, who wrote for the Chicago News:—

There can be little doubt that the better team won in Saturday's game between the United States army and the British army polo teams when the American players vanquished the Britons by the score of 8 goals to 4. Naturally the players of the British team disappointed its supporters, who had hoped for a revival of the old British polo glory.

Many of the judges agreed that the British team was playing in poor form, while the Americans were at top-notch pitch.

Americans More Accurate

Major Beard is to be congratulated on the way in which he produced not only men but ponies in the very best condition exactly at the psychological moment. The American combination of hitting and accuracy was much superior to that of the British, while the American ponies were faster and handier. The Americans' stick-work was also much better. This was especially noticed in the scrambles near the side-lines.

The American team played, with Wilson especially good, always dangerous and always ahead, scoring four goals. Gerhardt was at top form and assisted well. Rodes was fine throughout. His hitting was magnificent and accurate. Beard was a tower of strength not only actively but morally. He outplayed the British advance. The American team had 18 chances to score against ten chances of the British.

It is the hope of the British admirers of the game that their team was not at its best in Saturday's match. The men missed their shots continually. Another fault appeared to be lack of liaison between the forwards and the backs and the relative inferiority of the

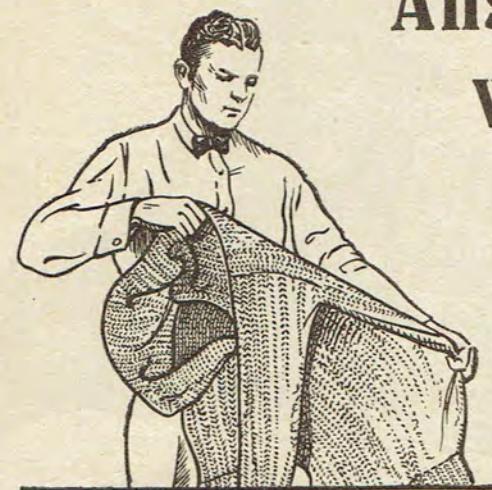
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British forwards. Time after time Boles and Wilson rode away leading off Gerhardt and Dening, whereupon Rodes rode up unmolested for shots at goal. Generally the British were off form. Certainly their ponies were not up to the American mounts.

The game was played before a fashionable crowd, including the King and Queen, the American ambassador and many other celebrities. The display of marching the ponies past the royal box was marked by the best of feeling.

There was beautiful sporting spirit among the players. The following remark was typical of the friendly competition :

"Many congratulations, Louis. Lovely work," said Capt. Lockett to Capt. Beard, and the latter replied: "Thank you, Vivian."

McCreery Opens Scoring

In the first period McCreery opened the scoring, Rodes retaliating immediately with a nice cross shot and adding another with a backhander, while Wilson missed one chance and Gerhardt missed two. In the second period the American goal was scored through a misunderstanding by the British backs. In this period McCreery equalized the score, but from then to the end of the period the American team had the best of it and scored three times, through Wilson twice and Rodes once. Both of Major Wilson's scores were the direct result of misses on the part of the British back.

In the third period McCreery scored for the British after Rodes had missed, while Wilson missed an easy chance for the Americans.

In the fourth period the Americans had matters all their own way and settled the result beyond all reasonable doubt. Wilson scored immediately after the start,

The Americans should have scored again, as they had at least five more shots at goal while the British had not a single chance.

In the fifth period the British held their own, McCreery scoring after his brother had made a good run, while Wilson scored from an acute angle. In the sixth period the British players really got a move on and had all the best of it. They had four shots at goal, two of which were sitters, but they could not score. The American players could do nothing in reply.

In the seventh period good combination between Beard and Rodes enabled the Americans to score with a nice near-side stroke, while McCreery missed two chances, one a sitter, and so the game ended.

In the second match for the polo championship at Hurlingham—the second win for the American army players—the teams were the same as in the first match with the exception that Capt. Dening had to stand down in the fifth period owing to an accident. Major Lockett took his place.

Though it was played during a continual drizzle, the game was most exciting. The fortunes of the day swayed from one side to the other. A bad start in the first period on the part of the British army team really decided the game, from then onward the game was thoroughly well contested. The second, third and sixth periods were in favour of the British army players, and the fourth and seventh were in favour of the Americans, with the fifth fairly equal. The number of equal shots missed by both sides was about even. The British army team, however, missed two free hits from forty yards.

The game produced some curious coincidences. One goal on each side was scored by the opposing back. Both collisions during

the day were between members of the same team.

Americans Use Good Judgment

The Americans hit over their opponents' back line twenty-four times. Wilson scored two goals from seven shots, and Gerhardt three from eight. The British had nineteen chances altogether. R. McCreery scored one goal from three shots, and N. McCreery two from nine.

The stick-work of the Americans was beautiful. Their accuracy in meeting the ball was far superior to that of the British. So was their judgment as to where the ball would be hit. For that reason they rapidly turned their defense into an attack and entirely changed the complexion of the game.

The superiority of the American ponies was hardly noticeable in this game, except as regards handiness. Wilson was not so effective as in the first game. Boles was not only able to compete with him but held the upper hand in most of the play. Gerhardt, on the other hand, played extremely well, his meeting of the ball being exceptionally good. Rodes again played brilliantly but had the worst of luck in not scoring from some great shots. Beard, too, was brilliant. Although he was badly shaken by a collision in the fourth period his game was not at all affected.

There is no question that the better team won, which must be a matter of some consolation to the British. However, the result is a small matter compared with the feeling of friendship which the visiting Americans engendered in all classes of the community, including not only those who met them personally but also those who had a chance of seeing them play.

The start of the first chukker

was disastrous for the British because the Americans not only got two goals to begin with, but had at least seven unsuccessful shots. In the second and third chukkers the British had all the best of it, scoring three goals to their opponents' one. The combination of the British side in these two periods was good, both forwards playing exceptionally well. In the fourth the Americans had all the best of it, having four more chances at goal, although they scored only once. Rodes had exceptionally bad luck with two excellent shots, the second one swerving at the critical moment and going outside the post.

Collision Causes Consternation

The British team, on the other hand, only once got near the American goal. The dangerous foul given against Rodes, who knocked over his captain, should have produced a British goal, but Dening shot wide.

In the fifth period a collision between McCreery and Dening looked like very nasty business. It was obviously the latter's fault. It was some time before he could be moved, as his pony was lying on top of him. After some delay, Lockett took his place and the game proceeded.

In the sixth period the British very nearly evened the score. They certainly had the best of it. However, another free hit for a cross against Major Beard was wasted, while three more misses deserved better fate, because they were all good shots. McCreery, however, scored once. Major Wilson, on the other hand, missed a fairly easy chance for the Americans. In the seventh period the Americans scored again and put the result beyond doubt, although McCreery nearly scored.

POLO NOTES — ST. JOHNS

The unfortunate downpour which took place on Friday and Saturday, October 2nd and 3rd, completely inundated the polo field, and made the chances of playing any more polo during 1925 look very slim. The weather has handicapped the Cavalry Barracks team ever since the return from Cape Breton, and only on very rare occasions has it been possible to use the field.

After the downpour every effort was made to get the field into shape for the games with Fort Ethan Allen, but it was found impossible, and the contest had to be called off. An offer by the American players to mount our team if we visited them was accepted, but again rain forced this match to be cancelled, and as the Fort Ethan Allen players are devoting the next two weeks to the instructional end of their duties with the National Guard, it is very doubtful whether the much-looked-for game will take place till 1927.

Lt. Col. McMillan, D.S.O., who had spent a couple of weeks at the Barracks, returned to Ottawa on October 9th, a very disappointed man. During his stay in St. Johns he had done everything possible to improve the polo ability of the Squadron team as well as schooling the ponies, but the weather defeated even his best efforts to get the polo season on its way.

FOOTBALL**Garrison vs. Lachine**

On Saturday, October 3rd, the Lachine Football Club visited St. Johns. Unfortunately, the majority of the "Garrison" players were away at Point-aux-Trembles rifle ranges, consequently they were compelled to field a sadly weakened team.

Lachine won the game very easily by the clear margin of 5—0. This score does not reflect their play. Had they so desired they could easily have run in another half-dozen goals.

The following represented the Garrison: Tpr. Rowe; Mr. Thorburn, L/Cpl. Parker; Mr. Nethercut, Cpl. McKerral, Tpr. Dawkes; Tpr. Cornwall, Tpr. Wheeler, Sgt. Harris, Tpr. Guy and Tpr. English.

Referee—Mr. George Ellis.

After the game the visitors were entertained in the men's mess room and, in the language of the poets, a good time was had by all.

A team from the Cavalry Bar-

racks journeyed to Lachine for a return game with the Lachine Football Club on Saturday, October 17th. Musketry being finished, we were able to place a very much stronger team in the field than played down here, and while the result of the game has not been received at the time of going to press, we are confident that Lachine will have their hands full to score another victory.

BOXING

The boxing championships of Military District No. 4 will be decided at the tournament to be held on November 13th and 14th in the V.R.C. Armoury, 37 Cathcart St., Montreal. Entries are confined to members of the Permanent and Non-Permanent Active Militia of Canada in good standing, and must be in possession of an A.A. U.C. registration card.

The following are the weights at which the championships will be fought: Flyweight, 112 pounds; Bantamweight, 118 pounds; Featherweight, 126 pounds; Lightweight 135 pounds; Welterweight, 145 pounds; Middleweight, 158 pounds and Heavyweight 170 pounds and over.

While "A" Squadron has lost most of its boxing talent, there are still a number of novices who, with a little experience and strict training, will give a good account of themselves. Cpl. Stanyar and Tprs. Connelly and Lawrence have gone, but if Rowe trains hard and Ellis shows his last year's form, the entries from the Cavalry Barracks should make a good showing.

HOCKEY

The rather unexpected cold snap we have experienced during the past few days naturally causes one's thoughts to wander towards our hockey prospects for the coming season.

On a recent occasion we noticed a number of men engaged on fatigues in the rink. This is also a good sign, showing as it does that the men are determined to "get their hands in" before the commencement of the hockey season.

Unfortunately, we have lost one or two players who helped us win the St. Johns Hockey Cup last winter, but we hope to enter a team in the league this year which will bring us as much kudos as the one we entered last year. At the close of last season there were one or two youngsters who were showing decided signs of promise. With the inclusion of these youths in the team and lots of hard practise

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THE PLACE VIGER, MONTREAL

on the part of all members thereof we shall undoubtedly have a team which will make the best in St. Johns go all the way before depriving us of a single point.

Our Manoeuvres

(From "Punch")

We are now on Manoeuvres. As from 7 a.m. each morning a state of war exists between Mercia and Wessex till 6 p.m. nightly; early closing on Saturdays at 1 p.m. The lunch interval is from 12.30 to 2 p.m., or 2.30 p.m., according to the licensing laws of the district.

For the past few weeks the countryside has worn a military aspect. In other words, the hillsides are dotted with men trying to put up tents that have blown down; while the villages are occupied by Private Rifle and his companions with their arms round lady friends, to whom they are relating exactly how they took Knighton Down and what they said to the sergeant-major. Along the roads are sign-boards saying "Beware of the Troops," underneath which in one case someone has written "They are — dangerous!" with the result that civilians will not now go about alone. The children, however, are not frightened, for a reassuring notice tells them that "Dragons are limited to five miles per hour," and any child can run faster than that. At intervals Press representatives whizz about in luxurious cars and send off telegrams stating that "the troops are as fresh as paint after their thirty-mile march." This is poetic licence. We ourselves don't put it quite like that.

So far marching is about all out battalion has done. We have marched along roads in bad weather and across fields in bad weather; we have even marched through towns in bad weather. We now consider ourselves pretty good at it. If we do less than fifteen miles a day we feel quite uneasy, and the impressionable Lance-corporal Pouch changes into his walking-out dress in the evening and goes back to the last billet to see the girl who, in the words of the manual, "winked at him three times and put him out of action."

On one occasion only did we find time between marches to have a battle, and then we captured a hill in the very teeth of the Royal Corps of Umpires. They said we couldn't do it because it wasn't occupied; but, as our Colonel pointed out, if that were the case there could be no doubt about our

having captured it. Besides, it was havig captured it. Besides, it was there was a village at the top.

But if our time here has been uneventful, we have at any rate achieved notoriety through the medium of our Captain Bayonet.

Before the manoeuvres started we were told that Captain Bayonet was to be attached to Division H.Q., nominally to keep a war diary, but actually to take about in his large car those members of the Staff for whom army cars were not provided. Our own opinion was that Captain Bayonet couldn't keep a diary and oughtn't to be allowed to keep a car. This was borne out by the following extracts just to hand from his notebook:

Sept. 19th.—Reported at Division H.Q. with my car. The Staff will drive on Monday at 9 a.m.

Sept. 21st, 9 a.m.—Started off from "Black Doe" Hotel with Staff in car.

9.15 a.m.—Arrived Stockbridge

10.15 a.m.—Still at Stockbridge. Magneto on car has a short in armature. Spare magneto is an armature short. Staff shirty.

11 a.m.—Still at Stockbridge. Staff has gone off to hire a taxi.

12 noon.—Had sandwiches.

12.30 p.m.—Had Staff's sandwiches, left in car.

6 p.m.—"Cease Fire" sounded. Magneto convalescent. Drove back.

Sept. 22nd, 9 a.m.—Started to drive to Stockbridge.

11.20 a.m.—Ran into bank.

11.21 a.m.—Backed out of bank.

11.22 a.m.—Ran into another bank. Roads very narrow. Staff very cross.

2.00—3.00 p.m.—Staff giving advice.

3.30 p.m.—Back to hotel. Car exhausted. Gave it a benzol mash and left it in garage for evening.

Sept. 23rd, 9 a.m.—Staff ready in car.

9.5 a.m.—Turning starting handle.

11 a.m.—Still turning handle. Staff losing interest.

12.10 p.m.—Still turning handle. Staff asleep.

12.15 p.m.—Two backfires. Staff awake.

2.9 p.m.—Car started. Drove out of garage.

2.10 p.m.—Found side of garage in back of car.

3.p.m.—Magneto giving trouble. Car missing.

3.4 p.m.—Didn't miss a dog—five shillings.

Sept. 24th, 9 a.m.—Waiters, orderlies and onlookers turned out and wheeled car out of garage.

9.10—11.40 a.m.—Starting car.

11.45 a.m.—Discovered petrol-leak, oil-leak, air-leak and air-lock.

11.50 a.m.—Waiters, etc., turned out and wheeled car back into garage.

12.00—3.00 p.m.—Lunch.

3.00—4.30 p.m.—Waiters, etc., Staff and self all turning handle. Engine fired once at half-past three. Didn't hit it.

5.00 p.m.—"Cease Fire" sounded. Unnecessary from the car's point of view.

Sept. 25th, 9 a.m.—Started in direction of Stockbridge.

9.10 a.m.—Ran over dog.

9.22 a.m.—Ran over another dog.

9.29 a.m.—Ran over first dog again. Hate dogs. Ran over man. Thirty shillings. Car not going well. Had to change gear going over.

2.20 p.m.—Ran over spring chicken. Broke spring. Car in garage; Staff in cold fury; chicken in hospital.

Sept. 26th.—Returned to unit. Sold car. Bought scooter.

Bran Mash

Solicitor: "For the last time, I ask you for that three pounds."

Debtor: "Thank heaven that's over."

The wife: "Does this novel end happily?"

Henry: "I don't know: it only says they married."

Shop Assistant: "This vacuum flask will keep things hot for you indefinitely. I can thoroughly recommend it."

The Male: "No, thanks; I married something like that."

First Doctor: "Did your patient survive that operation?"

Second ditto: "Splendidly; he lasted about two hours."

The latest Scotch story concerns a member of that race who, when committing suicide, went in and used his neighbour's gas.

Guest (at wedding): "Why do people cry at a wedding?"

The Cynic: "Sympathy, sympathy; most of them have been married."

Furrier: "Madam, I'll guarantee this to be genuine skunk and that it'll wear for years."

Lady: "But suppose I get it wet. Will that hurt it?"

Furrier: "Huh! Have you ever heard of a skunk carryin' an umbrella?"

Workman: "Mr. Brown, I want



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a small rise in my wages. I have just been married."

Employed: "Very sorry, my dear man, but I can't help you. We are not responsible for accidents which happen to our workmen outside the factory."

A druggist read this note the other day. After reading it, he fainted. This is it:

"My baby has eat its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick by the enclosed girl, also send a bottle of O Dick Alone, as I am a little historical."

"Now, tell us about it—why did you steal the purse?"

"Your Honour, I won't deceive you—I was ill, and thought the change might do me good."

The waiter was exceedingly slow, and the diner began to get annoyed.

"Look here, waiter," he said at last, "bring me a coffee, and while you're away don't forget to drop me a line occasionally just to let me know how you're getting along."

A young couple had just been married, and on arrival from the church the bridegroom was asked to make a speech, but he declined. After a bit of coaxing he stood up and placed his hand on his wife's shoulder, and remarked, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not very good at speech-making, but this has been forced upon me."

Joan, aged seven, was explaining the photographs of children in fancy dress to her smaller brother.

"What's that thing she's got in front?" he asked, pointing to a little girl in Stuart costume.

"That thing with pearls? Oh, that's a stomach-ache."

"My," said the husband, "that was a good sleep. I slept like a log."

"Yes," answered the wife, "and with a saw going through it."

Silence Is Golden

It has been said that silence is golden, and this little story bears out the statement.

A certain lady entered an omnibus, and when the conductor came along to collect the fares she offered him twelve farthings for a threepenny stage. The conductor looked rather astonished, and for a moment hesitated.

Immediately a fussy individual seated opposite, who had been watching the proceedings, cried out: "Legal tender, conductor.

You are bound to accept it."

The conductor took it, and presently came to take his interrupter's fare. The latter proffered sixpence for a threepenny fare.

"Legal tender, sir," smiled the conductor, handing him the twelve farthings as change. "You're bound to take it."

A Rectangular Puzzle

Father O'Flynn's gardener entered the village store, where Michael Cassidy sold anything from butter to braces.

"Well, Pat," cried Michael, who knew the gardener well, "and phwat may ye be wantin'?"

"It's his riverance, Mike," Pat answered. "He wants a square of glass, fourteen by twelve inches."

For some time the village store-keeper burrowed about amongst a miscellaneous assortment of glass, and then he leaned across the counter, shaking his head.

"Sorry, Pat," said he, "nothin' here fourteen by twelve, but I've a foine bit twelve by fourteen, if it's av any use to ye."

The gardener scratched his head and thought a little. Then, making up his mind on this abstruse problem which had just presented itself, remarked: "Well, hand it over, Mike; perhaps his riverance won't be noticin' the difference."

Beyond All Question

In a large restaurant in the city the management have made it a rule that the waitresses shall not wear jewellery whilst they are in uniform. One of the older waitresses had to be repeatedly reprimanded for wearing small diamond-studded earrings.

Finally she was sent to interview the manager himself. But with the bravado of an old hand she stuck to her guns, or rather earrings.

"I must wear them," she said, "they help me to see."

"Have you a doctor's certificate to this effect?" asked the manager, convulsed with laughter.

"I can get one," declared the woman confidently.

True to her word, she appeared on the following day with the written certificate from her doctor, which she presented to the manager. He picked it up and read:

"This is to certify that Miss Bronx asserts that she receives benefit to her eyesight from wearing earrings. Signed, Ikan Kid dem, M.D."

The Economist

Age had made a great difference to Barden Baxter, and that man of millions decided that something would have to be done about it. Already he had undergone an operation at the hands of the city's great re-juvenation expert, but he did not feel a great deal younger. He thought he would call again.

"Can you make me twenty-five again?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered the great surgeon, "but it will cost you no less than one thousand pounds."

"Can you make me eighteen?" asked Baxter, hope shining in his eyes.

"I can, but it would mean two thousand pounds," said the doctor.

"Right, I'll have the operation for two thousand pounds," Baxter said, and completed the arrangements.

Six months later the wizard paid a call on Baxter and demanded his money.

"Nothing doing," answered that astute young man. "I'm under age, and if you say I'm not, I'll sue you for fraud."

Where Ignorance Was Bliss

An Italian organ-grinder had been playing his selection of masterpieces before the house of a very irascible old man, who furiously and with wild gesticulations ordered him to clear off.

The organ-grinder, however, continued to grind away and, having reached the end of his programme, commenced afresh. In the end the old man had him arrested for disturbance.

In the police-court the magistrate asked the Italian why he had not left when requested to do so.

"No-a understand' mooth Inglesi," came the organ-grinder's reply.

"But," protested the magistrate, "you must have understood what this man meant when he kept stamping his feet and waving his arms."

The organ-grinder gave a charming Southern smile.

"No, not know," he replied, "I thinka he coma dance to my musica."

Vexing the Veteran

The old war veteran stood with his back to the blazing fire, telling his brother soldiers of a little incident that had taken place during his fortnight's sojourn in Seabright-on-Sea.

"Yes," he said, "I'd found a decent place. Everything very

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clean and all that, but the bed was most uncomfortable. So I decided to speak about it, and to the proprietress I remarked:

"I couldn't sleep last night, madam. My room was quite O.K. but the bed was more uncomfortable than some of the fields I slept in during my campaigns. The bed is beastly unsteady; in fact, it has only three legs."

The proprietress turned red with anger.

"Well, you old groucher," she said, glancing at my artificial leg, "that's two more than you've got, anyway!"

Sergeant (in riding school): "Who the blank, blank, told you to dismount?"

Recruit: "Nobody, sergeant."

"Then where the blinking blank did you get your order from—headquarters?"

"No, sergeant, hindquarters."

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